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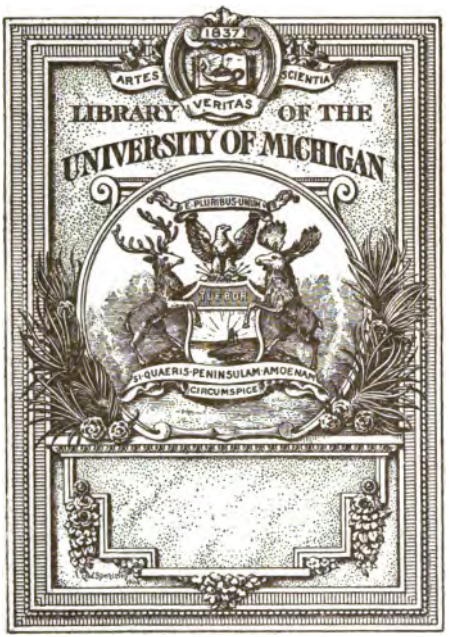
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THE WORKS OF
ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

Arthur C Hilton

THE WORKS OF

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON

(OF MARLBOROUGH & CAMBRIDGE)

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT GREEN"

TOGETHER WITH

HIS LIFE AND LETTERS

CAMBRIDGE
MACMILLAN AND BOWES
1904

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PREFACE.

THE parodies published at Cambridge in 1872 under the name of the *Light Green* have long been associated with the name of Arthur Clement Hilton. Although the *Light Green* has become widely known amongst University men, and has given Arthur Hilton a place amongst recognised English humorists, little has hitherto been known, save to his own small circle of friends, of Arthur Hilton himself. In Mr. George Russell's *Collections and Recollections* a cry has gone out for a further knowledge of Hilton, and in the hope of doing something towards presenting a sketch of the Author of the *Light Green*, I have put together in the following memoir, with the aid of his letters, a little outline of his short but bright and noticeable life.

In addition to the letters, which are incorporated in the memoir, a considerable number of other writings by Arthur Hilton are now published for the first time, as well as the parodies written by him in the *Light Green*. Those who look upon the *Light Green* as an old friend will find much in this new material to afford them fresh enjoyment.

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I am greatly indebted to the Rev. A. D. Hilton for leave to publish these additional writings of his son's, to the Rev. E. Noel Smith and the Rev. William D. Fenning for letters addressed to them by Arthur Hilton, to Messrs. Chambers for leave to republish "The Winds," to Messrs. Metcalfe of Cambridge for leave to republish the *Light Green*, and to the Rev. J. M. Lupton of Marlborough College for his kind assistance.

I am well aware of my own shortcomings as a biographer of Arthur Clement Hilton. My only claim to attempt a memorial of him must be, that we were great friends during the latter part of his time at Cambridge; while to those who may be inclined to criticise, the only apology I can offer is, that no one else has come forward to tell the story of his too short life, and that where his letters sufficiently fill in the outline, I have left him to tell his own story in his own words, and this is best,

> For whosoever knows us truly, knows
> That none can truly write his simple day,
> And none can write it for him upon earth.

ROBERT P. EDGCUMBE.

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON
1851-1877

By SIR ROBERT P. EDGCUMBE

UXBRIDGE MOOR.

1851-1864.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH justly remarked, in the somewhat set phraseology of his time, that "the life of a scholar seldom abounds with adventure; his fame is acquired in solitude, and the historian, who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarce distinguished from the rest of mankind; but we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure, not that we have anything important to say, but because the subject is pleasing." These words are peculiarly applicable when we endeavour to picture, however imperfectly, the brief life of Arthur Clement Hilton, begun and ended within the short space of twenty-six years. Yet, short as was the span of Arthur Hilton's life, it was long enough to leave to those who were fortunate enough to know him personally the fragrant memory of one who was always bright, joyous, witty, and

lovable, while to those who know him only as the author of *The Light Green*, he has left the happy memory of one who deftly penned many a humorous stanza.

The first thirteen years of Arthur Hilton's life, as child and boy, were passed under his father's roof, where he learned his rudiments before entering Marlborough College. Five years at Marlborough, three more at Cambridge, followed by one year's preparation for the ministry at Wells, and three years as curate at Sandwich, round off his life. By good fortune, a sufficient number of his bright and cheery letters have been preserved to enable this little memoir to partake of autobiography, and, so far as can be, the letters (forty-three) have been left to tell their own tale. Simple, unaffected, increasing in cleverness with his years, and with a ripple of humour running through them, they bring us into direct touch with his happy nature and open, winning character.

First, a few words as to the progenitors of Arthur Clement Hilton. Their pedigree runs back without a break to the North Country family of Hilton of Hilton Castle, near Sunderland (one of the baronial families of the Palatinate barons of the bishopric of Durham summoned to Parliament in 1295), through one Thomas Hilton, who settled at Faversham, in Kent, in the spacious days of great Elizabeth. A century later one of Thomas Hilton's descendants,

also Thomas Hilton of Faversham, married Christian Giles in 1678, an heiress, who brought him the estate of "Lords," situated about a mile south of Sheldwich Church, on the Ashford road leading out of Faversham. "Lords" had come into the Giles family in the reign of Richard II., and at "Lords" the descendants of the last named Thomas Hilton dwelt well into the early years of the nineteenth century, John Hilton, the great-grandfather of Arthur Clement Hilton—a noted hunting squire—and his son Giles being the last of the Hilton family to reside there. John Hilton's elder son, also named John, married, in 1818, Mary Elizabeth Denne, the heiress of Sarre Court, in the Isle of Thanet. He took orders, and lived at his wife's ancestral home, and as "squire parson," was for many years Vicar of St. Nicholas-at-Wade, Thanet, in which parish Sarre Court is situate.

Sarre Court, a fragment of the once ample estates of the Dennes of Denne Hill, lies between Canterbury and Ramsgate. As early as the time of the Conquest, Ralph de Denne held a large portion of the Romney Marsh. The best remembered of this great Kent family—thanks to the *Ingoldsby Legends*—is Sir Alured Denne, who, we are told in *The Blasphemer's Warning*, married Edith Ingoldsby, and losing his bride through strong language and strong drink, built himself a new mansion at Denne Hill, to escape from the

visitations of the ghost of the fair and blameless Edith:

"Never since then,
Had Sir Alured Denne
Let a word fall from his lip or his pen
That began with a D, or left off with an N."

But the Ingoldsby legend probably maligns Sir Alured Denne, who seems to have been a man of much learning, seneschal of the Priory of Canterbury, and escheator of Kent. Sarre Court passed by descent from John Hilton to his eldest son, Arthur Hilton's eldest paternal uncle, the Rev. John Denne Hilton, who died in 1853, leaving it to his eldest son, John William Denne Hilton.

Arthur Denne Hilton, the fourth son of John Hilton, the "Squire-Parson" of Sarre Court, and father of Arthur Clement Hilton, married, in 1849, Mary, the second daughter of William Parker of Hanthorpe House, Lincolnshire, High Sheriff for that county in 1864. Of this marriage Arthur Clement Hilton, the eldest child, was born on 1st March, 1851, at Banbury in Oxfordshire. Mr. Hilton was at that time curate at Banbury, and in the month of October following the birth of his son Arthur he was appointed by Bishop Blomfield to the benefice of St. John's, Uxbridge Moor, which in 1904 he still holds.

The parish of Uxbridge Moor, down to the year 1842, formed part of the parish of Hillingdon. In

that year it was detached, for ecclesiastical purposes, from the mother parish, and entered upon a separate existence, with a population of about 1000 persons, which in the space of some sixty years has doubled in number. Half a century ago, when the present vicar came to settle at Uxbridge Moor, the parish enjoyed anything but a good reputation. It was, in fact, a by-word for the rough and lawless ways of its inhabitants. Situated on the western verge of Middlesex, and separated from Buckinghamshire only by the narrow and shallow river Colne, which falls into the Thames at Wragsbury (Wyrardisbury), it was a little Alsatia for the lawless; the re-backing of a warrant by a Buckinghamshire magistrate, giving culprits a convenient breathing time just when they wanted it, in which to make themselves scarce. So lawless were many of the dwellers at Uxbridge Moor in those days, that it was not safe for any one to cross the moor alone after dark, and even by day their rough conduct was such that it was in contemplation to erect a row of cottages where the vicarage now stands, and provide the vicar with an extra-parochial residence. But the new vicar did not hesitate to take up his residence amongst those committed to his charge, and, happily for the parish, the contemplated extra-parochial vicarage never came into being. Faithful to his many duties through more than half a century, Mr. Hilton has looked after the interests of the parish not only ecclesiastically, but

in a number of different ways—as member and chairman of the Urban District Council, as member and chairman of the Board of Guardians, of the Assessment Committee, of the School Attendance Committee, of the Joint Hospital Board, as Land and Income Tax Commissioner, and so on—and has given unflagging attention to every detail of the manifold work and interests of the parish. Unsparing of his time and of his labour for the benefit of the neighbourhood, and bringing a ripe judgment and long experience to his many offices, the father of Arthur Clement Hilton has, by his continuous labours and useful life, become a real "father amongst his people."

When Uxbridge Moor was separated in 1842 from the mother parish of Hillingdon, the boundaries of the daughter parish were deliberately laid down with the intention of relieving the prosperous part of the old parish of its rough and poor population. But with the passage of time, better education, better police, and a resident vicar's family, Uxbridge Moor has greatly improved, though it still remains the abode of the brick-maker, of the odd-job man, and of an army of washerwomen, who pride themselves that they are not as other washer-folk, for are they not the washerwomen for "Downing Street," whose garments, metaphorically washed now and again in many a newspaper, are actually washed by the washerwomen of Uxbridge Moor?

Though a mean little village in itself, owing to the lack of a better-to-do class amongst its population, Uxbridge Moor has really attractive country lying round about it, and a short walk soon brings one into pleasant surroundings and rural life. The vicarage, a comfortable house, stands in a fairly spacious garden, and on the further side of the high road which leads past the church and the vicarage flows the little river Colne, and beyond it the rich meadows of Buckinghamshire stretch away to the wooded Chiltern Hills.

Such were the surroundings of Arthur Hilton's early life. Here he lived, the only boy of the family, with four sisters younger than himself, the leader in the little group of children. His father, in the midst of parish activities, yet found sufficient time to educate his little son without assistance, until the time came for him to go to Marlborough. To his mother also Hilton unquestionably owed much. A clever and cultured lady, he learned from her, amongst other things, the art of making out of cardboard the most perfect little models of churches and old manor houses faithfully coloured to represent the originals. This led him to the study of architecture, and in his father's well-stocked library he soon made himself master of Parker's *Glossary of Gothic Architecture.* The making of little architectural models of surprising beauty and excellence led him on to pen-and-ink drawings, most daintily and exquisitely finished, and hardly larger in scale than the

tail-pieces to Bewick's *Book of Birds*. The same delicate pen which wrought these little sketches made heraldic drawings with equal neatness and long pedigrees, written out with a regularity and minuteness that would hold their own against the print of the most diminutive of Pickering's duodecimo volumes.

As most boys do to whom the opportunity offers, Arthur Hilton early took to butterfly-hunting in the fields and country round about his home. By the time he went to Marlborough he had his cabinets already well filled, and he kept up his interest in this pursuit for many years, constantly adding fresh specimens throughout his subsequent school and college life. His deft fingers and his methodical ways enabled him to get together a cabinet so admirably set and ordered, that when he parted with it on settling down to his curacy at Sandwich, he sold it for quite a large sum.

There can be little doubt that where a boy has sufficient natural industry to follow his own particular bent, the somewhat desultory up-bringing of home life tends more to develop latent power than the regulated discipline of school life. Arthur Hilton, free till thirteen years of age to follow his own bent at home, profited by the comparative freedom he enjoyed as a child, to read as he liked and to read much, to build his diminutive houses and churches, to make his pedigrees and sketches, to hunt butterflies, to spend his money upon books of poetry and fairy tales, and

to drill his little sisters in the scenes and plays which he so delighted in. Never robust, and always somewhat delicate, his busy mind seemed ever at work on one pursuit or another, and from his earliest years he was full of quips, insisting upon calling the "boots" at the inn "shoes" when he went up in 1864 to Marlborough to try for an entrance scholarship.

Although absorbed in his various home pursuits, he did not neglect his learning, and his father had the satisfaction of seeing his little son's name marked "*proxime accessit*" for an entrance scholarship, a good proof that he had no lee-way to make up at school, after the thirteen years of home life and home education at Uxbridge Moor. This result spoke well for both father and son, for as William Barnes, the "Dorset poet," observed, after one of his pupils came out at the top of the list in one of the examinations for the Indian Civil Service, and anxious parents deluged him with applications to teach their sons, "it took two to do it."

MARLBOROUGH.

1864-1869.

WHEN Arthur Hilton went to Marlborough in August, 1864, he had, as has been mentioned, already gained the distinction of a *proxime accessit*, which means, not merely that he was "next best," but that the work he had done in his scholarship examination fully justified his holding a scholarship had there been an additional one to give him. It should further be borne in mind, that at that period, there were comparatively few scholarships offered to boys entering Marlborough College. The sons of clergymen were then taken at a lower rate of payment than the sons of laymen, and it was not until a later date that in lieu of a lower charge seventy scholarships were provided for the sons of clergymen. At the time Hilton competed, these comparatively numerous scholarships had not been created.

When Arthur Hilton entered the school in 1864, Marlborough College had got over its early difficulties.

Mr. Bradley, the late Dean of Westminster, had succeeded in 1858, as third Head Master of the School, Mr. Cotton, who had gone to the Bishopric of Calcutta. Mr. Bradley possessed the special gift of seeming to know a good deal about every boy, and his influence throughout the school was immense, an influence based on respect and affection, not untempered with awe. Scholarships at the universities had already begun to come thick and fast to Marlborough boys, the new buildings were then nearly completed, "house-feeling" was considerably developed, the early pecuniary troubles of the school were nearly over, the *Marlburian* (the school magazine) was on the eve of being established (1865), the numbers of the school were 450, shortly to rise to its fullest capacity of 500, the railway was just opened into Marlborough (1864), and the general tone of the school was exceptionally high.[1] The school fare, always rather Spartan, was at that time lacking in quality and quantity, which will account for many petitions in Hilton's letters for well-filled hampers from home.

Although only opened in 1843, Marlborough started in one respect most happily. It stepped into the splendid inheritance of the fine and spacious mansion built by the Duke of Somerset in the reign of William and Mary. Passing out of the family of the Duke of Somerset in the middle of the eighteenth century, it was converted in 1751 into the Castle Inn, and for

[1] See *History of Marlborough College, passim.* Murray, 1893.

the next ninety years the home of the Seymours did a vast business as a house of call, and then the advent of railways left it stranded without customers, like many another ancient hostelry. With true instinct, the founders of Marlborough secured it in 1842 as the local habitation of the new school. So vast was the old mansion that, without any addition, it housed over two hundred boys on the first day the school was opened. No new foundation could have been more fortunate, for there stood there not only the ancient fabric, but within the domain, the old historic Mound of Marlborough, stately gardens, terraced walks, great yews wrought in the past into quaintly clipped and fantastic shapes, velvety lawns, and lofty trees with clanging rookeries. Beyond the precincts of the school lay the little Wiltshire town, with its broad main street, with gabled and pillared houses. Away beyond the school grounds, above the green valley of the winding Kennet, famous for its trout, rose the soft green slope of White Horse Hill. Still further afield spread the breezy open downs, free of access and rich in plant and bird life, and the grand old forest of Savernake, in which so many happy boys have spent countless happy days.

> How soothing sound the gentle airs that move
> The innumerable leaves.
> Within the gloom,
> In partial sunshine white, some trunks appear
> Studding the glens of fern : in solemn shade

Some mingle their dark branches, but yet all,
All make a sad, sweet music, as they move;
They seem to say, in accents audible:
Farewell to summer, and farewell the strains
Of many a blithe and feathered chorister,
That through the depth of these incumbent woods
Made the long summer gladsome.

Sad it is to say that those who selected so wisely, built so badly, for the buildings which they added to house the overflowing school—"A" house and "B" house—are as unromantic in appearance as in name.

Such was the school into which Arthur Hilton, just turned thirteen years of age, was launched from the quiet home life of the Vicarage of Uxbridge Moor. For a young and delicate boy, this first plunge into so large a school must have been a trying ordeal, which he appears to have borne bravely. Here for the next five years of his life he remained. In those days there were not the three school terms as now, which so much shorten the period of absence from home. There were then but two halves, the first beginning early in February and ending in the middle of June; the second beginning early in August and ending just before Christmas. It should be added that the fact of Hilton's being *proxime accessit* in the scholarship examination, enabled him to start at Marlborough in the satisfactory position of an Upper School Boy.

The following extracts from his school letters, all of which are addressed to his mother, give a good picture of a boy's life at a public school. The whole of his boyish letters are uniformly well spelt and neatly written:

11th September, 1864.

I find Herodotus rather difficult, but I get through it somehow. The things that bother me most are the Latin rules in the Grammar, and also that I can't write quick enough, but I was speaking to a fellow to-day who has been at Marlbro' some time, and he said that he found the same difficulties when he first came here, but after a time he got over them, so I suppose I shall. I get on with the repetition.

I went to the Forest this morning with Bobby, and tell Milly [Mildred, his third sister] I saw several beautiful stags, with horns nearly as big as she is. I stayed for Communion to-day with Hilliard. I should think about 150 or 200 stayed. I find that I did not bring back half enough grub, so I shall expect before long a hamper containing two cakes, a pork pie, 6 pots of jam, and a lot of those cheese-cayenne-pepper things and sundry puffs, biscuits, pears, etc., etc.

Bobby, who is referred to many times in the school letters, is Robert R. P. Hilton, now living at Writtle in Essex, brother of John William Denne Johnson, now of Sarre Court.

November, 1864.

I still get on very well with the fellows, and there are some I like very much indeed, as, Godfrey, Dunstan,

and Davies, who is a new fellow (at the quarter) and in my dormitory. But although I am very jolly at school, I look forward to the holidays more and more every day. It is not so much the Christmas parties, as the cosiness and comfort of home, the not getting 50 lines if you are late tea, or 500 if you miss call, the being able to lie in bed until eight o'clock, instead of being woke up at half-past six by that vile bell, and then being all day with you and father and all the rest, not forgetting dear little Ella [Eleanor, his fourth and youngest sister], who must be getting quite a woman now; it is all this that makes me so long for the 20th of December.

December, 1864.

There was a Fair here yesterday, and the Wild Beast Show and the little fat girl both came: I went to the former and saw the stuffed gorilla and the elephants and all the rest, but I did not go to see the little fat girl.

I am actually third for the week, which far exceeds my highest expectations.

The hamper was a very jolly one indeed; the last pot of jam was finished a day or two ago. Your visit, so far from making me sad, seems to have made me able to do my work better. I am beginning to think the holidays very near now, and I can imagine so well coming home at Christmas, and helping you to decorate the church, and then all the skating, and the Christmas parties, etc.

Arthur Hilton on his first coming to Marlborough had been placed in the Upper Fourth, and on his return to school after the Christmas holidays in

February, 1865, he found to his delight that he had been promoted from the Upper Fourth into the Shell.

12th February, 1865.

I have only time to write you a short letter, but I have got good news. I have been promoted, and I have got full for *Lycidas*, but I don't know how much for the other. I was so astonished when Bradley read out the promotions, but I am the last fellow promoted, so I must expect to be very low in the Shell at first.

26th February, 1865.

I like Moule [his private tutor] very much, and I go to him for an hour about three times a week. He gives me some verses to do for him which I bring next time, and then he corrects them, and jaws about them, and gives us a corrected copy which we write in a book, and then he construes an ode of Horace to us, so as to improve us in that way as well as in verses.

Horace M. Moule, who was always beloved of boys, and one of the most kindly and inspiring of masters, is mentioned again later on. Mr. Charles W. Moule (now the Vice-Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge), a brother of Mr. Horace M. Moule, was also a master at Marlborough at this time, and wrote this year the Marlborough *Carmen* (on the lines of the Winchester *Dulce Domum*), now the established patriotic anthem of the school. Mr. Charles W. Moule left Marlborough at the end of this term, when

his youngest brother, Mr. Handley C. G. Moule, now Bishop of Durham, came in his place.

22nd October, 1865.

I am promoted, to my great joy. I was fourth for the quarter, and there were actually ten promoted.

When you send my box, will you please put in *Dick Diminy* if you can find it in my bookshelf. I want to know if I may have an egg for breakfast. I really seem to want something in the morning besides bread and butter, particularly as we have no supper. The way is for you to write to Thomas [the Rev. J. S. Thomas, the bursar] and say that you want me to have one, and then we must go to Thomas and get him to sign a leave, which we then give to the steward. Our dormitory have agreed each to write home for 1s. to get an alarm clock, as we have been very nearly late chapel several times this half, and besides we often want to wake early to learn Rep., etc. I hope the box will come on Wednesday. I wish I had it to-day, for it is so wet that there is nothing to do but sit over the fire; and then it is very nice to have a piece of cake or something to eat.

It's very aristocratic being in the 5th. Prefects cannot fag you, and you are allowed in your house class-room as well as the form class-room. I shall like to go to Sarre Court for a week, and I do not think you will miss me much for that little time.

Steadily plodding along, Hilton thus got promotion out of the Shell in the autumn of this year into

the Lower Fifth, but he never really took to class-work, the natural bent of his mind being rather for poetry and general reading than for the routine of school-work. We may here give a description of him as a boy at Marlborough, written by a contemporary, which appeared in the *Marlburian* of 11th November, 1889: "How well I remember him! He was a little fellow of delicate though not sickly organisation. He seemed instinct with sensibility. He had soft light brown curly hair, an oval face with neat and plastic features, a smooth, white, and well-shaped forehead, movable mouth, and brown eyes beaming with arch and kindly humour. He had a singularly clear and musical voice. His disposition was friendly. At hall-dinner he had a gay and cheerful habit of pledging his friends at adjacent tables from his own place at one of Sowerby's tables."

More letters of Arthur Hilton's, written in 1866, have been by chance preserved than of those written by him in any other year of his life. On the first of March in this year he reached the age of fifteen. His letters are immature of course, but they faithfully portray at first hand the daily round of school life:

27th May, 1866.

Thank you very much for the box. Tell Alice that I have got for her a Greasy Fritillary, a Pearl-bordered Fritillary, and a Grizzled Skipper, and I hope to be able to get her some more besides, which she has not

got. The other day Fenning and I were in the town at 12 o'clock, when we heard the fire bell ring and perceived a lot of imps rushing frantically about. We asked what was up, and they told us that there was a fire at Mildenhall, a village about a mile from Marlborough. So we started off there as hard as we could go, running through a forbidden part of the town, by which we saved about half a mile, but we were too excited to care about the risk of getting gated for three days. However, there were no prefects about, and we ran on, and got there almost as soon as the engines. A cottage with a thatched roof was on fire and blazing away furiously on one side. They saw it would not be much use trying to save it, so they spread wet sheets on the roof of the house on the other side of the road, towards which the wind was blowing, and one of the engines played upon it, while the other tried to keep down the flames from the burning house. We joined in the line for passing buckets from a pump to the fire-engine, and worked away most energetically. I got a very little hole burnt in my cap by a piece of burning stuff from the house, but we were not very close to it, so we were out of any real danger. At last they pumped the well dry, and then Fenning and I had to run back to be in time for dinner. The people got everything out of the house except the beds. I have not been to the place since, but I believe no other house caught. Tell father that next half I shall bring back my case of foreign butterflies and moths to show at one of the Natural History Society's meetings, as I want to become a member, and the best way to get admitted is to show things.

The Reverend William Dunkin Fenning, after leaving Marlborough, took a first class at Oxford (University Coll.) in 1875, and since then has been assistant master at Haileybury. He writes me in reference to Hilton: "We always used to say that our friendship began from a sense of the ridiculous. A somewhat ludicrous elder boy, a connection of mine, knew something of Hilton, and he solemnly introduced us two brats to one another as if we had been grown up. He meant it seriously, but the absurdity of it struck us both, and the recollection of it, and of each other's enjoyment of it, drew us together." From this time onward Arthur Hilton and W. D. Fenning maintained a close friendship to the last.

17th June, 1866.

I am fagging my eyes out to get promoted, and I expect I shall look more like a skeleton than anything else when I come home.

If Alice has really got a Puss-moth, which she can find out by comparing it with the one in the fifth drawer of my cabinet, she had better get you to stuff it with cotton wool. I shall certainly bag it for my cabinet if it is one, so I hope she has set it well.

I have got all the British butterflies now except about a dozen, so I shall arrange them in their right order, and leave spaces for those I have not got. At present I have not got time to go out many butterfly expeditions, because I have to fag so hard. The other day Stainton, the great authority on entomological

matters, came down here to help Preston arrange the College cabinet. On Wednesday the Entomological Section, of which I am a member, and which consists of six or eight fellows, went to dinner with him in the town. We had dinner at about 12.30, and then we went out butterflying for the whole afternoon.

The other night I went to tea with Noggs [Mr. Sowerby], and he gave me several butterflies which he caught abroad last summer. Most of them are found in England as well, and there are some of them I have not got, but a great many are not set, and will want steaming. I hope the camphor in my cabinet is all right.

I shall leave Marlborough on Tuesday at 5.45 p.m., and I shall expect to find you at the station. I can already imagine myself stretching my head out of the window as the train comes in, and trying to make you out among the crowd. And then jumping out and giving you such a jolly kiss. I hope you will have a jolly hot dinner for Bobby and me when we come in, as we shall be hungry enough, I expect, after twenty weeks of privation.

The Rev. T. A. Preston was an assistant master, who was president of the Natural History Society, and had general charge of the College Museum. He gave ungrudging help to boys, even setting their small moths for them, though botany was his special subject. Mr. John Sowerby, who is mentioned here as "Noggs," was for many years a master at Marlborough, and greatly beloved by the boys. He is

"the grey old 'Noggs,' loved, honoured, and revered" of Hilton's lines, p. 123.

The statement that he was returning home "after twenty weeks of privation," had a large substratum of truth. There was in Hilton's time at Marlborough only one meat meal in the whole day, that of dinner. Breakfast at 8.15 a.m. and tea at 6.30 p.m. consisted solely of bread and butter, the butter none too good, with indifferent tea to wash it down, and occasionally porridge for breakfast. For growing boys, hungry as boys always are, this can hardly be regarded as adequate, and most boys, being in receipt of no more than sixpence or a shilling a week as pocket money, were not in a pecuniary position to supplement properly the meagre fare they had to subsist upon. With work to do overnight after a frugal tea at 6.30 p.m., and with more work in the morning before breakfast came at 8.15 a.m., there is little cause for wonder that the cry constantly goes up for hampers of provisions. This frugal fare led to hampers becoming a recognised institution. They were not in the nature of superfluous luxuries, but essential to the due sustenance of the boys, and part of their necessary school outfit.

This brings us to the end of Arthur Hilton's first two years of school life. He had the satisfaction of ending up the half by taking home a prize for English Composition, for which, true to his love for poetry, he chose some volumes of Tennyson's poems.

From this time forward his dramatic talent and literary cleverness begin to be recognised, and the awakening of the masters to his genius in this direction makes school life much more pleasant for him as he develops his powers. He spends a part of this summer's holidays, as he generally did, at Hanthorpe, his grandfather's place in Lincolnshire; and on returning to school in August, he learns to his disgust that through the promotion of all the boys above him he is left the top boy in his Form. His irritation at the Head Master's having overlooked his merits is natural enough:

19th August, 1866.

Imagine my disgust when Bradley gave out yesterday that promotions into the Middle Fifth were made down to Smyth. Consequently, I am left top, which is one of the most mortifying positions that a fellow can possibly be in. Moule says he is very sorry he raised up any false hopes in me, but tries to console me by assuring me that there will be large promotions at the quarter. If I don't get out of this wretched form then I shall go mad. I am awfully disgusted at not being promoted. Moule has promised to take me again for private tuition. I believe that the Lower Fifth is the most stick-in-the-mud form in the school.

At the half term he got the promotion he was so distressed at missing when the term commenced. Moreover, he was shortly to be selected, to his infinite delight, to act the part of "William Page" in the

Merry Wives of Windsor, which some of the masters were getting up amongst themselves, to act before the school. The part, though a small one, was made the most of by Arthur Hilton, who was in every way qualified to do justice to it. This beginning, though small, established his position in the school, and enabled him to feel his feet amongst his school-fellows, on ground which was peculiarly his own.

8th October, 1866.

To-night some of the masters are going to act *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in Hall. There is one character, William Page, who only appears once, and then for a very short time; they did not quite know who to choose for this, so Moule suggested me, as I read pretty well at his Shakespeare Readings, and I was asked whether I should like it. I accepted the offer, as I have only a few words to say, and I shall, therefore, appear on the stage, before the whole school, in the character of William Page. I am going to wear a sort of short riding-habit, coming down a little below the knees, and red stockings, and white bands. I am awfully excited about it, particularly as I have kept it quite secret from every one except from Fenning, who has had to hear me my part pretty often, as you may suppose. Five fellows are also going to act in a farce called *The White-bait Dinner*, which will precede the other. There is going to be a dress rehearsal at five o'clock, so I shall not go into school this afternoon. The quarter is next Saturday, and then the holidays will soon be here. The time for my rehearsal draws nigh, so no more now.

28th October, 1866.

My new master is Thompson, or, as he is commonly called, Jick. I like him very much indeed, but he makes us work terrifically hard, and gives us an immense lot of things to do out of school. He is very amusing indeed in form, and gets awfully excited sometimes. I am doing as well as can be expected, I think, and he is always very jolly to me; in fact, since the theatricals, a great many masters seem to have taken a fancy to me, which I do not at all object to.

Fenning and I, and a friend of his named Vernon, have such jolly little feeds in Fenning's study. Moreover, we have a brew, *i.e.* coffee, about three times a day, besides our regular grubs.

The study is six foot square and contains a small table with a drawer, three chairs, two of them armchairs, a cupboard, two bookshelves, and a sort of flap like the leaf of a table, which lifts up, and does for grubbing on. If you have any pretty little knick-knacks to spare, such as brackets, statuettes, pictures, ornaments, etc., you might send them.

Bobby and I have some very nice plans for the Christmas holidays. The theatrical mania is strong upon us again, and we intend to go up to London some day, see the afternoon pantomime at some theatre, sleep at the Prices or somewhere, and next day make purchases at Hoxton for the "New Theatre Royal, Uxbridge Moor," whose funds are, I hope, on the increase.

I got an exceedingly bad shin at football the other day, which has made me rather lame. There has only been one accident as yet, and that was not a serious one.

We must have a jolly Christmas party this year, all the *élite* of the neighbourhood, *recherché* supper, carriages ordered at half past two, etc., etc.

I wish I could get another copy for prose or verse or something this half. I have got two and a half, and I should like to have a third put down to my name in the blue book, but we have such hard composition in the Middle Fifth, that I am afraid there is not much chance of it.

3rd November, 1866.

Mr. Gibbons came down here on Friday to see about a house for Tommy, who is coming after midsummer. He had me and two other fellows down to tea at the Aylesbury, and tipped us each half a crown. We are going to have a jolly sausage feast in our set of studies some day next week. There are twelve of us altogether, and we shall have about half a dozen each with lots of potatoes, and bread and jam to wind up. We shall have about eight coffee pots boiling, so we shall have plenty to wash it down with. I expect the subscription will be 1s. 6d. or 2s. each.

We must have a jolly party this year to celebrate my birthday, which, I think, had better fall on the 1st of January instead of the 1st of March. It is horrid always being at school on one's birthday, although you send me heaps of jolly presents.

12th December, 1866.

I am afraid there is not much news to tell you. In the first place I beg to contradict a statement which appeared in your last letter to the effect that "The Theatre Royal, Uxbridge Moor," would not be opened

to the public until a late period. I can assure you that a play is in course of production from the skilful pen of that talented dramatic composer, *A. C. Hilton*, which will eclipse all previous efforts.

12th December, 1866.

We have just had a frantic French paper, which I enclose for father's and Miss Rippon's inspection, hoping it will stump them both.

The "sore throat" was only an excuse for the rapid consumption of the Damson cheeses, which you told me were to be used only as medicine.

3rd June, 1867.

I and three other fellows managed to get a dogcart on Thursday, but we had the most awful animal that ever existed. It did not mind being whipped the least, and hardly went out of a walk the whole way. We went to Bowood, the Marquis of Lansdowne's place, which is about fourteen miles from here. We were shown over the hothouses, where there were the most delicious ripe strawberries, grapes, peaches, and nectarines, which of course we were not allowed to touch, much as we hankered. We were most awfully fleeced at the inn, where we dined, but we enjoyed ourselves immensely. I picked up a small antler in the park, which I don't mind giving to Alice in exchange for the eyed hawks, which are much too good for her. Tell her that I yearn for them and hope she has set them well. I have got a lot of caterpillars, but I have not caught many butterflies because of the weather, and because I have had to work so hard.

To-morrow and the next day are the days of the Cheltenham match, the grand match of the year, and the school is in a fever of excitement. In the evening there will be theatricals, in which I am going to take part. I am to act the part of "Julia" in a farce called *Ici on parle Français.* I wear a skirt and Garibaldi of black silk, and a white cloth or merino sort of shawl, with a black lace border, which are the property of Mrs. Bright. I have had a bonnet made for me, an awfully small white thing with flowers and cherry-coloured ribbons. I am the wife of Major Regulus Rattan, who is represented by Bolland, the head prefect. There is also a play composed by the masters, the plot of which is taken from Thackeray's fairy tale, *The Rose and the Ring.* I remember having seen the book a long time ago. It is a capital story. I might have taken a character in that too, but so much to learn would have interfered with my work. I get up at six every morning now and go and work with Moule. I am working ferociously. You told me in your last letter not to sit up too late or turn out too early, but I must do that to a certain extent, or else I should have no time for exercise.

Hilton was now sixteen years of age, and the last letter shows us that he had established his reputation in the school as a capital actor, and that he was on excellent terms with the various masters. It is evident from his translation of an ode of Horace, Carm. II., 18, that he already possessed the power of rendering into spirited English a highly polished

Latin lyric. It is sufficient to quote but one stanza. This translation is dated August, 1867:

nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis,
Truditur dies die,
Novaeque pergunt interire Lunae.

What care I for kingly treasure?
O'er my Sabine farm I reign,
While the days roll out their measure,
While the pale moons wax and wane.

Never at the best of times physically strong, Hilton had a nasty accident a month after his return to school in August, from a broken jam pot carelessly thrown by another boy striking him a severe blow on the back of the head. This accident laid him up for a considerable while, and its bad effect lasted for quite a year, giving him headaches now and again, considerably lessening his power of work, and for a time more or less affecting his memory.

26th September, 1867.

Fenning is prefect now, which is convenient for me, as he can take me into the master's garden, and up to the Mound, and to various other places out of bounds.

Last Tuesday I was hit on the head by a flying jam pot which was being carelessly shied away. It was quite dark, so I did not see it coming. On

Wednesday I came to the sick room, where I remained until Sunday. I felt all right then, and went out, but on Monday my head ached very badly, and I had to come in again. I am afraid I have lost a great deal of form work during this week, and I shall not be able to work hard on first coming out for fear of making my head bad again.

He suffered so much from this accident that it became necessary for him to go home on sick leave for the month of October, returning to school again on 8th November.

10th November, 1867.

I arrived all right on Friday evening, and soon forgot my sorrows in a nice little supper at the "Castle and Ball" with Hilliard. I took Flux out for a walk to-day; he is only eleven years old, and very small. He says he is very happy, but I think he is rather small for a public school. I was very glad to get your letter this morning, and hear that you were feeling festive again. As for me, I always feel jolly when I meet such heaps of fellows I know, and talk over all the usual school topics.

Arthur Hilton spent his Christmas holidays at Uxbridge Moor. He was sufficiently well in health to get up an entertainment in the village schoolroom for the amusement of the parishioners.

The chief piece was *Princess Bright Eyes* (by Sidney Daryl), in which he took the leading part, and seemed none the worse for his efforts.

16th February, 1868.

I did not fall in with any particular friend till I got to the College, and, as it was then rather late, I did not visit the "Castle and Ball" till the following morning, when I breakfasted there with Fenning, Vernon, and Smith. I hope my next meal there will be with you soon after Easter. Fenning is most likely going to have a better study, a separate one, not a horsebox, which will be much quieter and nicer. I saw an ancient British millstone in a shop the other day. It was about a foot and a half broad, with a hole in the middle, but it was broken into three pieces. It was found on the Downs by a labourer, and I thought he might be willing to part with it, so I sought him out, but he wanted 10s. for it, so we did not agree.

Tell Edith I will answer her letter when I have found out how high I can jump. The new gymnasium is awfully jolly. There is a tremendous high swing, about three times the height of ours, which is very delightful to swing in. There is a man [Serjeant Adams] who instructs us in various exercises. I forget whether I told you in my last letter that there is an exhibition of models in the town now. They are of castles and abbeys, and there is a splendid one of Windsor Castle. Some are done in cork, and some in cardboard.

I have no good news for you about my place in form. Thompson tells me that he has no complaint to make of my work with him, but that I get shockingly low marks for mathematics. I am aware that I do get awfully bad marks for this subject, but I really

do not believe I can get any more. I seem to dislike mathematics more and more every half year, and in consequence get fewer and fewer marks. The other day I got a half copy for English verse, which is a satisfactory but not very profitable success. I think I have only once missed getting a whole or half copy for English verse whenever I have had it to do.

This last letter of Hilton's sets out his class troubles very clearly. He had an unusual grasp of English literature for a boy of his years. In classical work he was above the average, but mathematics were uncongenial to him and kept him back badly in his schoolwork. Of course at this period we have to take into account not only his want of robustness of constitution, but the added check to active brain work resulting from the blow on his head in the previous September, from which he only wholly recovered about the time of his leaving Marlborough in the summer of 1869. But even apart from this, he was evidently much disappointed at times about his progress in class, feeling that he ranked in the school list below other boys who were not in any way intellectually his equals. Many boys at school, who have a considerable knowledge of English literature and a real taste for classics, but no turn for mathematics, have found their position, as he did, a galling one. For they are too often outstripped by others who, from possessing mathematical power, are enabled to get an easy grip of the formal grammatical rules

of language, which carries them along without a spark of real literary delicacy or touch, or any but the very narrowest knowledge of good literature. Thus boys of essentially mediocre attainments are able to get ahead of those who are endowed with intellectual powers of a quite different and superior character. Euclid and arithmetic were not distasteful to Hilton, but he could not grapple with algebra and the higher mathematics.

From his worries over his lack of mathematical understanding, he took refuge in his beloved poets, and at the time he wrote the last letter expressing his growing dislike of mathematics, he penned the following graceful little transcript from Béranger:—

From Béranger.

"To Paris, young shepherd, to Paris!" you cried,
"Consult your own wishes and come.
With riches around you and friends at your side
You will soon cease to think of your home."

And now like a spring flower, pining for rain,
Behold me changed, wearied, and worn,
How I long to return to my village again,
To the mountain hut where I was born!

My passion is cooled and my blood courses slow,
I join in your revels with pain,
The dance and the song have no charms for me now,
I long for my old life again.

In vain by the influence of learning and art
Have my manners more polished become,
The old village Sundays remain in my heart,
And the rural delights of my home.

In April of this term Arthur Hilton was laid up with a heavy feverish cold and spent some days in the Sanatorium. While he was there, Hawkins, the school barber, came round to trim the boys' hair, and Hilton, getting a closer cropping than he approved of, gave vent to his displeasure in the following lines:

'Tis the voice of old Hawkins, I hear him declare
"Hif there's hany young gent with superfluous 'air,
Let 'im put on 'is blanket, and sit hup in bed,
Hand I won't leave a 'air an hinch long on 'is 'ead."

At the same time he wrote the following, which he headed "A Sanatorium Maxim":

Eat what they give you,
Drink what you're bid,
Don't make a noise,
And you'll never be chid.

17th May, 1868.

I and a friend of mine called Swindells have been having great fun lately with a velocipede. We casually heard of the existence of one in an obscure part of the town, and immediately went to inquire about it. It is

one of the new "Bicycles," that is to say it has only two wheels, one before the other, so that it will not stand up by itself, unless it is running. I suppose it goes on the same sort of principle as a hoop. We tried it first in the street outside the shop, but an immense crowd of imps collected, so we had to shut up. We then made an appointment with a man to bring the machine up into the Forest at a certain time, and meet us there. So accordingly at the appointed time we rushed up into the Forest and had an hour's practice with the bicycle. As you may imagine, it is very ticklish work, but when the thing goes over on one side you only have to stick your leg out, and that saves you from going right down, so that there is no danger while you are learning. We have only had two hours' practice yet, and we have not the advantage of instruction, as there is no one in Marlborough who can ride it, and, as we have to pay 1s. an hour, and pay the man besides for bringing the thing up, and helping us, it comes rather expensive. Still it is a very wholesome and proper way of spending money. No one else in the school but ourselves knows of the existence of the thing, and we hope to keep it dark till we can ride it, and then come out and astonish the natives. At present we have not succeeded in going more than 10 yards by ourselves, but it is a great thing to be able to hang on at all.

The description Hilton gives in this letter of his struggles with the newly-invented bicycle is interesting, now that bicycles have come to play so important a part in daily life. It shows that he and his friend Swindells were the first boys at

Marlborough to learn the art of riding the new vehicle. That he became an expert rider is evident from the fact that in the ensuing summer holidays he rode on a bicycle the whole way from his grandfather's at Hanthorpe in Lincolnshire to Uxbridge Moor in one day, a distance of seventy miles, no small effort on a heavy rattling machine before the days of pneumatic tyres.

For the second school half in 1868 none of his letters have been preserved. This school half is a period marked by distinct development of his literary power. His lines (p. 123) addressed to Mr. John Sowerby, his house master, and *The Battle of Herrings* (p. 128), show that the power of expression in verse was beginning to come readily to him. During this term also he writes in the *Marlburian* under the heading "Our Marlborough Friends," and signed "Arcades Ambo." The "Arcades Ambo" were Arthur Hilton and his friend Edward Noel Smith. They wrote descriptions of different school characters. The following sketch was written by Arthur Hilton, *7th October*, 1868.

The Friend we know at Home.

"The Friend we know at home" is a small and much-enduring individual, our acquaintance with whom (we own it with shame), is not so intimate as it ought to be. It was due, in the first instance,

to an ancient but slight intimacy between our respective grandfathers. Shortly before the end of the holidays we received a touching epistle from our little friend's maternal Aunt, wherein she enquired affectionately, but vaguely, after the welfare of the members of our family. She informed us that her nephew was not like other boys, that he wanted particular attention, and although he had an abundant but latent fund of talent, yet he could not amuse nor take care of himself. Would we make good the deficiency? Our numerous occupations at the end of the holidays prevented us from replying to her missive, but about a week after we had returned, remembering our shortcomings, we sought out our little friend and found him munching the last fragment of his cake under the arches. Having charged him with a polite message to his Aunt, we enquired what house he was in, and the name of his form master, questions which he answered with characteristic diffidence. This effected, we prided ourselves on having done all in our power to make him comfortable that could be expected. Since that meeting, we have honoured our little friend with an occasional nod, and have again asked him his house and form, attentions which we have had abundant opportunities of paying, inasmuch as the youth appears to haunt us wherever we go; when we come out of hall we are sure to squash him unmercifully, but accidentally, against the door; he

stumbles against us as we enter the half open portal of the Upper School, and we elbow him at the hospitable and crowded stall of Foster. Our attachment to our friend is limited (like the length of his trousers), because his person evinces a philosophical contempt for the amenities of brushed hair and the aid of his clothes-brush.

A new fellow this half, he has not played cricket yet, being ignorant of the method whereby he can get himself included in the game. He has a dim idea of there being a forest near Marlborough, but as yet he has not been able to get so far. Hearing some big fellows the other day announcing their intention of going to the Wilderness, he dogged them till they descended some steps and entered a most civilised and highly cultivated garden, where, perceiving no signs of a wild and primeval desert such as he had expected, he left them and returned to the arches, his favourite resort. His afternoons are generally spent in the novel and exciting pursuit of walking on the Bath Road, a route the advantage of which is obvious, viz., that he does not stand much chance of losing himself thereon. Two or three half holidays, however, he has profitably employed, reposing in a humid corner of the eleven, and keeping the score in his note-book. Our friend still feels the effects of his exertions in signing twenty-five vouchers for books immediately on his arrival here.

Keen observers of human nature will detect a hungry, pining expression on the features of our young friend, the whole of whose money, even to the uttermost farthing, was swallowed up by insatiable school subscriptions, blandly demanded in accents that will not be denied.

His house master has kindly had him to tea, but our friend, it appears, did not understand that civilisation requires little boys to appear at the hospitable board with smooth hair and cleanly visage and hands. Rumour says, besides the above, that our protégé shows no aptitude for either A, B, or C rules, and his normal position is at the wrong end of his form. It is needless to say that on the receipt of this horrifying report we felt ourselves bound, henceforth, to discontinue all communications with the "Friend we know at home."

Hilton spent his Christmas holidays as usual at Uxbridge Moor, and early in January he organised with great success an evening entertainment in the village school-room, the chief feature of it being the little play of *Abon Hassan the Wag* (by Sidney Daryl), in which he took the part of Abon. He returned to Marlborough early in February, 1869, for his last school half. Falling behind with letters home he writes:

14th March, 1869.

I expect you have been using shocking language about me, and indeed my conduct has been rather scandalous

in not writing for so long. However, I am very glad that you did not write a letter in a great fright to find out whether I had got the measles or been flogged, or any similar catastrophe had happened. I am happy to say I am all right and flourishing.

I went a long walk yesterday by way of getting fresh air and preventing the infection of the measles. Several fellows have got them this half, and as I have had them twice, I suppose I am quite likely to have them again.

Boz Smith sent me a very nice edition of *Tom Brown* the other day for a birthday present. I miss him awfully, but still I always pick up friends enough somewhere.

A. C. H.

"Boz" Smith was his great friend (Edward Noel Smith), who had left at Christmas to go up to Trinity College, Oxford. He inherited the sobriquet of "Boz" from his elder brother, Reginald Bosworth Smith, head prefect when Dr. Bradley entered upon office as head master, subsequently for many years a master at Harrow, and widely known as the biographer of Lord Lawrence. For the last twenty years Edward Noel Smith has had charge of and done excellent service as head of the Tottenham Mission, founded and supported by Marlburians new and old. Although Hilton and his old school friend went to different universities, their friendship was kept warm by the frequent interchange of visits and letters until the close of Arthur Hilton's life.

28th April, 1869.

A few days ago I went a splendid walk to a place about nine miles from here, getting leave to be absent from two till half-past eight. We came back quite in the cool of the evening, which was very jolly. The place we went to is called Liddington Castle, and is an old Saxon camp with great earthen ramparts on the top of a tremendously high hill. I took the telescope which I got out of Edith, but there was such a tremendous wind that we could not hold it steady, so it was not much use. Then we went down into a village at the foot of the hill, and went to the clergyman's house to get the keys of the church, hoping that he would perhaps give us some refreshment, but he was not at home. We saw through the telescope a curious looking church at the next village with a tower at the west end and a spire in the middle, but we had not time to go to it. I find a little knowledge of architecture gives one's walks a good deal more interest than they would otherwise have. It is a very rare thing to find anyone who knows even the rudiments of architecture, and I may safely say that if there was an architecture prize offered for the school I should easily get it.

A fellow out of our dormitory ran away the other day. He was an Irish fellow about seventeen years old, and I think rather cracked. He used to talk politics to us in dormitory, and rave about the Irish Church till he sent us all to sleep. No one knows why he ran away, but it is supposed that he had fallen into a despondent state of mind because he did not get on with his Form Master.

30th May, 1869.

I hope you were pleased to hear of my great success yesterday. I expect I was more surprised than you were, as I know you had a sort of hope I should get the prize. I had almost given up all thought of it. The more I read over my poem the more firmly I became convinced that it would never even be honourably mentioned. I even made a bet with another fellow that I should not get it, while he betted me that he would not get the Geography prize. He thought I had a very good chance of my prize, and I thought he was quite safe of his, but I lost both bets. There were more competitors than I at first supposed, but some of them did not tell any one that they were going in. Tennyson, the son of the Poet Laureate, ran me very close, I believe. I would rather win that prize than any other the school can offer. It is thought a great deal of, and I am overwhelmed with congratulations on every side. I expect I shall have to spout it to the assembled multitudes on Prize Day, but I do not much like the idea, being of a shy and modest disposition. I shall likewise have the honour of having my name painted up on a big board as the winner of the Plater Prize for the year 1869, besides getting some very handsome books. I only hope they will give me some poetical books, and not a great history, or anything of that sort.

The winning of the "Plater Prize" for the English poem was a very happy ending to Hilton's school life. Hallam Tennyson, to whom he refers as running him close, won it the succeeding year. He is

now the second Lord Tennyson, lately Governor-General of Australasia. "Westminster Abbey" was the subject of Hilton's prize poem. It shows considerable command of language and dexterity of versification, above the usual run of such compositions. The good news of his winning the Plater Prize he sends home on Saturday, 29th May, and the coming week was that of the Cheltenham match, played this year at Marlborough. As usual at that period at Marlborough, there was acting in the evening after the match, and Hilton took an important share in it. A contemporary of his, writing in the *Marlburian* (9th May, 1877), thus describes the two parts played by Hilton, which in each case was that of a servant girl:

"What an actor he was! On the evening of the Cheltenham match, 1st June, 1869, (which, by the way, we won in an innings), two plays were acted in hall, *Deaf as a Post* and *Helping Hands*. Hilton was a servant girl in both—Sally Maggs in one, and 'Tilda in the other. It is interesting to turn back to the *dramatis personae* of that evening. The protagonist was Hawes Turner; M. H. Gould (*cui non notus?*); Hallam Tennyson; Francis J. H. Jenkinson [now Librarian to the University of Cambridge]; W. Goodchild, author of many witty *jeux d'esprit*; and J. W. Baines, most unflagging and roystering of light comedians, who can doff his barrister's wig and still keep the house in a roar. Many of these had talent:

Turner, born an artist, played like an artist. But Hilton had a touch of genius. Baines was William Rufus *alias* Shockey, who is perfect, bragging of his exploits and peccadilloes to his faithful 'Tilda. I turn to the account that I then wrote, and find this: 'Of 'Tilda and Shockey we must speak with unqualified praise.' And of Hilton as 'Tilda: 'His (I can't tell how I wrote "his" and not "her") "O, Shockey!" summing up 'Tilda's intense faith in William Rufus, delivered in a most telling treble, when other language failed her, was quite a touch of nature.' Yes, that 'O, Shockey!' of Hilton's vibrates in my memory now."

Thus ends Hilton's five years at Marlborough. To quote once more from the *Marlburian*: "He was not one of those who derive their popularity in the school world from their athletic prowess, nor did he attain a very exalted position in work; but he was the possessor of an unfailing good humour, and ever-ready wit, and a joyous geniality of temperament, which endeared him to all to whom he was known." We have followed him briefly through his school life, and seen how, in spite of his success amongst his school fellows as an actor, and in spite of his love of art, of architecture, of archaeology, of reading, of poetry, and his ready wit, all of which helped to fashion a really cultured mind, he yet left Marlborough at the age of eighteen not higher in the school than the Upper Fifth.

It is something perhaps of a consolation that the *Marlburian*, speaking of him some years later, seems then to have an uneasy feeling that Hilton could not himself be wholly responsible for failing to reach a higher position in the school. Referring to his being placed on his arrival in the Upper Fourth and leaving the school no higher than he did, the *Marlburian* observes with some contrition: "'*Nostra maxima culpa*' (*Nostra* plural, not singular), for, as the Poet Laureate once told us here, 'Schoolmasters never see genius.'"

CAMBRIDGE.

1869—1872.

ARTHUR HILTON went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, at the beginning of the October term, 1869. Cambridge was somewhat different then from what it is to-day. At that time the railway station stood almost out of the town, but since then houses have sprung up fast in the neighbourhood of the station, and even right away north of it to Midsummer Common. Parker's piece was very ill kept, and the dreariness given to it by neglect was intensified by the severe-looking prison which took up the main part of the western side. But the prison is now no more, and has made way for cheerful-looking houses, which look out upon a well-kept sward.

To the south and west, Cambridge has altered in an even greater degree since the early 'seventies. Then there were no houses southward on the Trumpington Road beyond the Leys on the one side and

the Botanic Gardens on the other. To the west of Cambridge, beyond the College Backs, lay practically open country, but since then Selwyn College, Ridley Hall, and Newnham College, and numbers of residential houses, have been built in this direction, happily too far afield to be detrimental to the beauty of the long sweep of grandly-timbered college lawns and river gardens from Queen's to St. John's, known as the Backs.

The main thoroughfare of what may be termed the collegiate portion of Cambridge, stretching from Hobson's Conduit past the Fitzwilliam Museum, with its imposing classic façade, Pembroke, Peterhouse, St. Catherine's, and Corpus, to the fine open space of King's Parade, with its noble group of University buildings, past Caius College, the new buildings of which were then just completed, past the grand Tudor Gateway, which marks the entrance to Trinity College, only exceeded in beauty by the great Gateway of St. John's itself, which stands a little further on, all in effect remains the same as it was when Hilton entered at St. John's College, save that just opposite the great gate of St. John's a number of insignificant old-world houses have given place to the University Divinity Schools.

Entering the grand red brick gateway of St. John's College, mellow with age, richly decorated with the arms of Lady Margaret Beaufort, with the Beaufort antelopes as supporters, and with the daisy as her

emblem freely introduced, we pass through three courts and then over the bridge into the New Court, where Arthur Hilton took up his abode at the beginning of the Michaelmas term of 1870. In the first court is the fine old dining hall, and the College Chapel finished just before he went to Cambridge. At a distance, especially from the river, the tower of the chapel is most effective, but near at hand the newness of the chapel jars, and its proportions seem almost overpowering. Along the north side of the second court is the Great Combination Room, one of the most perfectly-proportioned and decorated chambers in the world. Long, yet not too long, the ancient wainscoting, the rich and effective ceiling, the mullioned windows, and Tudor hearths, make up an incomparable dwelling room. In the next court the whole of the north side is occupied by the splendid Jacobean Library, with its grand bookcases and fine high pitched timber roof, where Hilton was wont to spend many happy hours browsing upon books to his heart's content.

"Your Halls, your ancient Colleges,
Your portals statued, with old Kings and Queens,
Your gardens, myriad-volumed libraries,
Wax-lighted chapels, and rich-carven screens;

Your solemn organ pipes that blow,
Melodious thunders thro' your vacant courts,
At noon and eve."

Cambridge is justly proud of the long roll of her poets, from the early days of Spenser to the time of Tennyson, and St. John's College has had her share of them in Matthew Prior, Kirke White, who died when twenty-two, and Wordsworth; and as a master of humorous verse, Arthur Hilton is entitled to a little niche of his own in his old college of St. John's.

As far as Hilton is concerned, there can be no doubt that with a little labour he might have taken a Third Class in Classical Honours, and that with steady reading he might have got a Second Class, for in pure classics he was a good scholar. But even at that time, to obtain a first class in the Classical Tripos needed more than pure scholarship, for Philology, History, and Philosophy already formed an important part of the examination, and pure scholarship and literary skill would not go far in dealing with papers on these correlated subjects. In addition to this, there was the question to be considered of nearly an extra year at Cambridge if the Classical Tripos was to be the goal. The Ordinary Degree could be taken in June, 1872, but his entering for the Tripos meant his remaining up until the end of the Lent term of 1873. So taking a modest view of his own attainments, coupled with the comparative freedom the Ordinary Degree Examinations would give him to follow his literary proclivities in his own way, he decided to be satis-

fied with taking his degree as a Pass man in June, 1872.

This made Hilton's time at Cambridge, so far as examinations went, a very easy one, for he came to the University, as regards mental equipment, capable of passing any of the examinations for the Ordinary degree with a modicum of labour. In his case, no doubt, the decision to take a Pass degree was a wise one, for it left him free to work in his own way, and he was not by nature an idler. Had he spent his time preparing for the Classical Tripos, it is doubtful whether we should have had from his pen the *Light Green*, which has established his reputation as a Cambridge wit.

When Hilton went up to Cambridge he had sufficient Marlborough friends at the University to prevent any feeling of loneliness, yet not so many as to prevent him from forming several new friendships. Those who go from school to the University and pass their university life mainly among the friends of their schooldays, making but few new friendships, do not benefit to the full by the change of scene and life. Such was not the case with him. Though warm-hearted and keeping up his old school friendships, he made many new friends at Cambridge. His close friends at Marlborough, Edward Noel Smith and William D. Fenning, had gone to Oxford. But amongst several others Reginald Wickham was with him at St. John's College, and Hawes Turner,

who had acted with him at school, was at Trinity College, both of whom contributed to the *Light Green*, the product of Hilton's last year at Cambridge.

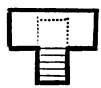
It is customary at Cambridge, when a College is unable to accommodate all its undergraduates within the walls, for the newcomers to begin their university life in lodgings and await their turn to get rooms within the College. As St. John's College was full to overflowing, Arthur Hilton took up his residence in Jesus Lane, and there he remained for his first three terms. There are extant but few of his letters written during his three years at Cambridge. So apart from such light as his writings during this period throw upon his life and character, I am compelled to draw upon recollections and diaries of my own. And even then the record is somewhat slender, as it was only at the close of his second year at Cambridge that we met and became friends.

Arthur Hilton was evidently in a happy frame of mind during his first term at Cambridge if we may judge from his humorous lines, full of cheerful fun, on *My Aunt Eliza* (p. 136). At Christmas he went home to Uxbridge Moor, and as was his wont, got up, with the aid of his sisters and a cousin, a little play to entertain their friends and the village folk. So in January two pieces were staged in the village schoolroom *Ici on parle Français* and *Two o'clock in the Morning*. He gives his own account of

these in the following letter to his cousin, Henry Hilton, who had been at Marlborough with him, and is now rector of Orlingbury, near Kettering, a Hilton family living, previously held by his father, the Rev. Henry Denne Hilton, uncle of Arthur Hilton.

UXBRIDGE MOOR, *Jan.* 13, 1870.

TO HENRY MORAY HILTON.

What an immense time it is since I wrote to you! But I won't blow you up for it. Our party went off very well indeed, beyond my most sanguinary—I mean sanguine—anticipations. As I suppose you know, we had it in the schoolroom, which was decorated and curtained so as to look quite like a ballroom. The schools are in  this sort of shape, the dotted lines representing the stage and the strokes the seats for the audience. We made a capital scene by erecting a framework of poles and laths, and covering it with cheap wall-paper. Then we got a towel-horse, one flap of which covered with green baize made a good door, and the other two flaps a window to open and shut. We did not glaze the window, but we hung a white sheet, with a strong light on it, behind the stage to simulate daylight, which had a very good effect. In *Two in the Morning* we hung up a thick black rug which looked exactly like night. Some friends of ours lent us a fire-place and mantelpiece made of wood, painted, and we made a splendid fire by putting bulls'-eye lanterns behind a piece of red flannel. At a few yards distance it looked exactly like a lot of red-hot

coals, especially in *Two in the Morning*, where the scene was dark. This last piece is an awfully good one, and took more than *Ici*, if anything. There are only two characters. Newpenny is a fussy old bachelor, very particular about his room, furniture, etc. At two in the morning he is waked up by a stranger knocking at the door of the house opposite, who knocks for about half-an-hour without stopping. At last, to make him shut up, he invites him up into his bedroom, where of course he makes an awful row and won't let Newpenny go to sleep—breaks his things, keeps opening the window, etc., etc. It is a short piece, only lasting about twenty minutes, but it made the people laugh till they nearly died. *Ici* went off very well indeed, and altogether the whole affair was a brilliant success. We had a good raised planked stage, which enabled the spectators in the back row to see the actors very well indeed. We cleared the whole apparatus away in fifteen minutes, and then drew up the curtain and danced till 11.30. Supper lasted about an hour, and then what was left of us danced till past one, winding up of course with "Sir Roger."

A. C. H.

After the Christmas vacation he returned to Cambridge for the Lent term.

There is generally a large gathering of undergraduates in the Senate House at Cambridge on days when degrees are given. A vast gallery runs round three sides of the Senate House, and this gallery has long been their special resort, where they have the best possible view of all the proceedings, and

are free to their hearts' content to banter their friends as they proceed to their degrees. In the mid-February degree day of this term (17th February, 1870), some honorary degrees were given, and one of the recipients was the Greek Archbishop of Syros and Tenos, a very dignified patriarchal benign-looking man. Hilton was in a foremost place in the gallery, interested in seeing some of his friends given their degrees, and just when the Public Orator was enlarging upon the character and qualifications of the Greek Archbishop, the Archbishop happened to drop his handkerchief, and stooped down to pick it up. The current song of the day whistled by every street urchin was called *The Grecian Bend*, and Hilton seeing the Archbishop stooping down shouted out, "*The Grecian Bend.*" The whole gallery-full of undergraduates fell at once to singing *The Grecian Bend.* Someone on the dias below explained to the Archbishop that the song was sung in his honour, thereupon the Archbishop commenced bowing to the undergraduates in the gallery; and these further Grecian bends were responded to by the undergraduates singing the popular song with increasing fervour, so that the roar of hilarious voices in the gallery became tremendous. The dignitaries on the dias below then had to pull up the Archbishop and stiffen him, but it was a long while before anything approaching quiet was restored.

TO HIS MOTHER.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
March 21, 1870.

I have been enjoying myself very much this last week. The last four days of the week were the days of the boat races, in which I steered a very good boat. We made our "bump" on three days out of the four, which was very good indeed. The river is not broad enough to race on in the ordinary way, so the boats start one after the other in a long line, and if any boat can bump the one in front of it, they change places on the next day, so that we went up three places. The steering is rather ticklish work, as you may imagine, but I managed pretty well. We had a dinner on Saturday evening, and made a tremendous row, cheering and singing. I believe we are going to be photographed to-day; I shall bring home a copy if we are.

I went to the Guillemards' Church yesterday evening. It is a nice church, and has been lately restored. They do things very nicely: a surpliced choir, but nothing ultra-Ritualistic.

I do not think I have told you before that I belong to a dramatic society called "The Flies." It is not the "A.D.C." [Amateur Dramatic Club], of which you have doubtless heard. I daresay I could have got into that, only it is rather expensive. Our club is not got up in opposition, but simply to give people an opportunity of acting who cannot afford to belong to an expensive club. We did not have a performance this term because of Lent, but we had a kind of soiree, inviting a few friends, and having first some music, and then a kind

of charade, in which your son acted with his usual excellence.

I believe you may expect to behold the light of my countenance again in about a fortnight, but I cannot tell for certain.

It is six years since I was at home at Easter, and I can hardly imagine the place in anything but summer or winter. The weather here has been quite warm one day and a snowstorm the next.

A. C. H.

Hilton being of a spare and light build was selected to be coxswain of one of the second division boats of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, as the St. John's Boat Club is called.

Besides taking his part this term as coxswain in the bumping races, and in the charade got up by "The Flies," he wrote *Dido* (p. 141), and his delightful little ballad of *Sister Mary* (p. 151).

At Easter he was at home again, very busily engaged in helping to make a success of the bazaar which was held to provide and raise funds for the restoration of the Parish Church of Uxbridge. He started a Post Office department in the bazaar, and wrote a number of letters for young ladies in the style of Edward Lear's nonsense verses, which were delivered to applicants on making a small payment. As they were of a topical character, they were much appreciated. It is sufficient to quote three of these, forerunners of others which he published later in the *Light Green*. The Uxbridge Bazaar verses are

in the earlier style of nonsense verses, constructed to repeat at the end of the fifth line the last word of the first line. This does not give such freshness as when a new and unexpected word closes the fifth line. In his nonsense verses in the *Light Green* he adopts the later development, which gives a threefold rhyme, and adds to their spirit.

Are you the young lady of Uxbridge,
Who foolishly built up a duck's *bridge*?
Said mamma to her daughter
They can *swim* thro' the water,
Which vexed the young lady of Uxbridge.

Are you the young lady of Hillingdon,
Who, when she saw cooing and billing done,
Averting her face
Made quite a grimace?
That prudish young lady of Hillingdon?

Are you the young lady of Denham,
Who once had a spaniel of Blenheim,
To pet and caress
In fanciful dress?
That crazy young lady of Denham?

Of Hilton's first May term at Cambridge I can give no account. There is a gap in his letters at this time which no one seems able to fill.

After a pleasant summer vacation, a portion of it spent with his relatives at Hanthorpe in Lincolnshire, he returned with the October term to Cambridge. With the new term he began residence in

College, which is always delightful to all those who really enjoy their university life.

> "The Evangelist St. John my patron was:
> Four Gothic courts are his, and in the last
> Was my abiding place, a nook obscure."

These lines of Wordsworth's, slightly changed, picture the abode of Arthur Hilton, his nook obscure being a wretchedly dark little set of two rooms, known as D[1], on the ground floor of the florid and ponderous "New Court," across the river, built by Rickman in 1830, and approached from the old courts by the well-known "Bridge of Sighs," which leads from the older part of the College to the long cloister the south side of the New Court adjoining. Here Hilton spent his last two happy years at Cambridge.

At the end of this term came the "little-go," his first University examination, and the letter which follows refers to it. He took the examination sufficiently seriously, and as a result passed in the first class. This term he wrote his first little play, called *Princess Ida*, which he staged in the Christmas vacation at Uxbridge Moor.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMBRIDGE, *25th November*, 1870.

I am afraid I have been keeping you waiting a long time for a letter, but I am working very hard, and have scarcely any time. Euclid and Paley are

the two worst things; I can't make them stick in my head. Little-Go begins on the 5th December, and lasts about a week. I shall come home immediately afterwards, but I shall not know for some days whether I have passed or not. It is the most disagreeable business I ever was in for. Most of my friends are in a very despondent way. Henry is getting on very well, and enjoys Cambridge life immensely. It would be very nice if it were not for the examinations and the bills. I have just refused an offer of a drive over to Harston, where I went last term, because it would interfere with my work, so I am basking in the smiles of an approving conscience.—Ever your loving son, A. C. H.

Returning to Cambridge for the Lent term in the latter part of January, 1871, after the successful production of his *Princess Ida* at the Uxbridge Theatre Royal, as Hilton called it, he settled down to work for his second University examination, called "the General." This coming then only two terms after the "little-go," did not leave much time in which to idle. Letters are few and unimportant for this period, indeed, right away from the beginning of the Lent term 1871 until he took his degree at the end of the May term of 1872, but few have survived.

Cambridge men are of the opinion that their second May term is the most enjoyable period of Cambridge life. Cambridge is at its best in this term, and undergraduates are then in the full tide of their University career, without the worry of final

examinations and the shadows of impending departure to the realities of life which the last May term brings. Hilton, no doubt, enjoyed his second "May term" to the full, but it brought its drop of bitterness, for the mathematical papers which he so detested caused his failure to get through his General Examination at the end of this term. To those tolerably well up in mathematics the General Examination presents no serious difficulty, but to him mathematics were hateful, and though his classical and English papers were very good, under a system of marking, which did not admit of excellence in one set of papers making good deficiencies in others, he failed to come up to the standard in algebra, and accordingly had to go in for the examination again in the following December, when he passed satisfactorily.

At the end of the May term of 1871 he received an invitation from Edward Noel Smith to pay a visit to Stafford Rectory, in Dorset, and he thus made reply:

TO EDWARD NOEL SMITH.

ORLINGBURY, 11*th June*, 1871.

CARISSIME,

Forgive this abominable ink, and moreover excuse a brief epistle, as I am just going to a picnic, and already the gelding paws the gravel in front of the door. Many thanks for your invitation, but

alas! my stern sire has said, "My son, you have spent too much coin at the University, and gaieties must be curtailed to you in the vacation."

I am at present staying with an uncle in Northants, and I am booked for our annual five weeks' migration into Lincolnshire in July. I hear ——— has been playing the fool at Marlborough College, and got a whole form into a row with some meek master. I should think this sort of thing makes him vastly popular.—Ever thine,

A. C. H.

However, the "stern sire" was not so stern as Arthur Hilton at the moment of penning his letter alliteratively depicted him, and within ten days he was paying a visit at Stafford Rectory, where for the first time he and I met, and we at once became friends. West Stafford, is situated on the River Frome, about three miles east of Dorchester. For more than half a century Canon Reginald Southwell Smith was rector of West Stafford, known far beyond the borders of Dorset as one of the most devout, winning, and beloved of the rural clergy, and Edward Noel Smith, his youngest son, was, as we know, Hilton's closest Marlborough friend. Smith and I had been friends from the days when we were quite small children, and on a gloriously fine day in the latter part of June, 1871, he brought Hilton in to see me at Dorchester, where we then lived, and Smith having some errands to do in the town, Hilton and I went off together for a bathe. Away we went to a well-known secluded hatch for a plunge in the

Frome river. Delightfully festive was Hilton, and we had plenty in common at once, both being at Cambridge. I had then been up a year at King's College, while he had been up two years; but though I was a year junior to him at the University, we were of the same age; indeed, both born in the same "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus." I well remember, as we trudged back with our towels, repeating to him some lines written of the hatch where we had just bathed by his old master at Marlborough, Horace Moule, and how warmly he spoke of him as always more a friend than a master. "Say them again," said Arthur Hilton, and then I found him repeating them to himself quite easily:

Floyer's Hatch.

How many and many a summer sun
  Has seen a well-known batch
Of merry fellows on their way
  To bathe in Floyer's Hatch.

Not one amongst them stops to fear
  A cold that he may catch:
Fear is unknown to those who stem
  The current at the Hatch.

The very youngest swimmer here
  Comes boldly to the scratch;
No flinching stays his forward plunge
  Into the eddying Hatch.

A few short years—and we shall see
A green and pleasant patch
Across the wilderness of life—
It will be—"Floyer's Hatch."

Say—will there be a welcome then,
A ready lifted latch,
To those who laugh'd so loud of old
And bathed in Floyer's Hatch.

Oh yes! I ween, that, sink or swim,
There's nothing will detach
The ties that bind the swimmers bold
Who swam in Floyer's Hatch.

When we reached my father's house we were far more like friends of old standing than new acquaintances. Our meeting was so pleasant, and we struck up such a cordial friendship, that we forthwith arranged for an expedition of the three of us the next day to Abbotsbury and its Swannery. Hilton and Smith accordingly came in from Stafford to Dorchester early next morning, and we drove through Martin's Town, past Hardy's monument—the monument to Captain Hardy in whose arms Nelson died—down the tremendous hill on the other side, leading the horse part of the way where the road is very steep, to Abbotsbury, which we reached about noon. We visited the Abbey ruins and the beautiful little Early English chapel of St. Catherine's on the hill overlooking the English Channel. Hilton, as I well

remember, was greatly amused when I told him of the litany supplicated each November at this shrine by the spinsters of Abbotsbury:

"A husband, St. Catherine;
A handsome one, St. Catherine;
A rich one, St. Catherine;
A nice one, St. Catherine;
And *soon*, St. Catherine."

"What a pity," said Hilton, with that slight hesitation, not quite a stammer, which seemed always to add point to his amusing remarks, "*we* can't use so desirable a prayer."

We came home by an easier road through Portisham, locally called "Possum," and Hilton was much delighted with a couplet on one of the gravestones:

"She's gone and cannot come to we,
So we shall shortly go to she."

After this pleasant meeting Hilton and Smith went for a visit to Mr. Digby's at Sherborne Castle, and from there Hilton wrote the following letter:

TO HIS MOTHER.

SHERBORNE CASTLE, *25th June*, 1871.

I am afraid you are getting alarmed about me, as I have not written for so long. I am enjoying my visit immensely. "Boz" Smith and I have been invited to stay here for a night by Mr. Digby, who is a cousin of his. We are here ostensibly for archaeological purposes. You have no idea what a place it is, one of the finest

in Dorset. We got here this afternoon, and first explored Sherborne Abbey, which is a splendid old church, beautifully restored by Mr. Digby. Then we walked up to the castle, and, with perhaps some little bashfulness, passed under an ancient gateway and across a sort of courtyard. We rang a huge bell and were admitted. The people were very festive, so we soon felt like one of the family. There is a fair cousin of "Boz'" here, who took us down to the lake. We rowed across it and then visited the ruins of old Sherborne Castle, which was destroyed by Cromwell. We also saw an arbour where Pope used to compose, and a waterfall and various other curiosities. We rowed back again across the lake and had a game of croquet, after which came dinner, which of course was exceedingly sumptuous, with half-a-dozen red-plushed footmen. We are going away some time to-morrow, and as you may imagine, I shall be very sorry. I will not write any more now, as I shall soon see you all again.

A. C. H.

After foregathering with Hilton in the long vacation, I saw a good deal of him during the rest of his time at the university. We met again on returning to Cambridge early in October—he for his last year and I for my second year.

Those were the days of compulsory daily chapels at King's College. As chapel at seven a.m. on wintry mornings, followed by lecture from eight to nine, with no breakfast till well after nine o'clock, was not to my liking, I did not generally get up until a little before eight o'clock, just in time to get to the early lecture,

and made my chapel attendance at five o'clock in the evening. There was the compensation, though the service was somewhat longer, of the music of our King's choir. And many an evening, coming out of chapel, in the dim light of the few wax candles which served to light it, I found Hilton in the ante-chapel listening to the music.

> We heard once more in College fanes
> The storm their high built organs make,
> And thunder-music, rolling, shake
> The prophets blazoned on the panes.

King's Chapel, "the fairest building in all my realm," as Queen Elizabeth once spoke of it, had a great fascination for him. Silver, a boy who possessed a marvellous treble voice, was just then singing at his best, and in the dim twilight the effect of the boys' clear voices trickling and re-echoing in the recesses of the lofty stone roof was strikingly impressive. Meeting, as we came out, he would turn into my rooms in the Fellows' buildings, next door but one to the chapel, and there he would sit and chat until it was time for us to hurry off to dinner in our respective College Halls.

The friendship that sprang up between us was a curious one in some ways, for he was of a conservative turn of mind, and I was not, and his ecclesiastical views were somewhat high, and mine were not; but we both delighted in all that was artistic, and to both of us Ruskin was as an apostle. We both were fond of

drawing, and if Hilton had had real training with his pencil, he would have undoubtedly produced excellent work, as his little pen and ink sketches are full of delicate finish, and real skill. Then we were both fond of discursive reading in old world books, and above all we delighted in humour.

Smallpox was rather bad about this time, and vaccination was all the fashion. There were several men in my rooms one evening, and an ingenuous freshman asked, "Where does vaccine lymph come from?" "Don't you know," said Arthur Hilton, who was present, "παντα χοῦ" (pronounced, pantacow—Anglicè, everywhere).

One day early in December he and I set out to go to Ely by train, to see the "trial eights" row. The "trial eights" are two boats of eight oars each of picked men who have not rowed in the University race, but from whom are chosen the best men to fill vacant places in the inter-University contest. To our disgust, when we got to the station the train for Ely had just left, and the next passenger train would not have reached Ely in time for the race, so we interviewed the guard of a luggage train which was just starting for Ely (sixteen miles) with a view to his letting us travel in his van. He sententiously replied that it would be as much as his place was worth to take us. Hilton, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "What is your place worth, is it worth five shillings?" at the same time turning in his fingers two comfortable looking half-

crowns. Our sententious friend the guard capitulated instanter, and we entered his van, arriving in excellent time to see the race. About mid-December we all went down as usual for the Christmas vacation. The University man always goes "down"; his *locus standi* is the headquarters of earth, and everywhither "goes down" from it.

Early in the new year (1872) Hilton was on a brief visit at Stafford Rectory, and he and Edward Noel Smith came to spend the day and dine with me. Our afternoon's amusement, if such an expression can be used, was to go and visit the county prison, which in those days could always be seen by a visiting justice's order. The prisoners then sat in pews, facing the treadmill, waiting twenty minutes for their turn of twenty minutes on the wheel, and in front of each prisoner as he worked on the wheel, within a few yards of him, and round about the walls, were many Scripture texts of a very personal nature. "The way of transgressors is hard"; "Thy sin shall find thee out"; "Let him that stole, steal no more"; and so on. Hilton went up to the treadmill alongside one of the prisoners to see how it felt, and observed he shouldn't mind it very much were it not for the Scriptural admonitions.

A few days later he came to us for a dance we gave, and his vivacity and bright and pleasant ways made a very appreciable difference, everyone wanting to know who that cheerful, amusing fellow was.

By the end of January we were back at Cambridge again for the Lent term. Hilton was now in his last term but one, and during these two last terms of his he was very frequently in my rooms in King's, coming in often when I was out, and making for the window seat in my inner study. Here he would take up his perch in the window seat, with one leg cocked up on the cushion, and when tired of gazing on the pleasant expanse of sward and grand old elms to the westward, would take down a book and sit there reading. Hawes Turner, then at Trinity (now Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery), was also often in my rooms, and he and Hilton would quote and discuss poetry by the hour, with side excursions into their Marlboro' days.

On one occasion when three or four of us were together, the conversation turned upon whether it was any use for an undergraduate to be acquainted with the master of his College. After some discussion, one turned to Hilton and asked him if he knew the master of John's. "Yes, I do," said he with dry humour, "and I think it advisable, for you see the master has considerable influence with the head porter." On another occasion we were discussing the use of the moral science tripos, which included, amongst other subjects, an examination in Mill's Logic and Political Economy, and some doubt was expressed as to the tripos continuing to form part of the University course. Hilton demurred to this, and

said, "It will endure, if only for the girl graduate, for does not the Scripture say that in the last day there will be found two women grinding at a Mill?" The higher education of women, and the establishment of ladies' colleges at Cambridge about this time, led to innumerable jests, and Hilton used to put his *bon mot* about women's degrees almost better in conversation than he did in the second number of the *Light Green*. His usual way of putting it was, "When young women get their degrees they wont be Bachelors, but Spinsters of Arts, and then after a while they will proceed to the degree of MA-MA."

In one of his College examinations a divinity paper was set, and in one of the questions some texts were set out, which those examined were asked to illustrate by others. One of their texts was, "Let their way be dark and slippery." Hilton wrote on a slip of paper, which went all round the hall, causing much amusement, "A good illustration of this text is Jonah in the whale's belly."

On one occasion someone was inveighing against the Metropolitan Railway as a most detestable way of getting about London. "Don't you like it?" said Hilton with well affected surprise; "I do immensely, but then you see I am so fond of scenery."

About the middle of the Lent term (27th February, 1872) there were thanksgivings throughout the country for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, who had nearly died of typhoid fever. There were

great doings at Cambridge with street decorations and soldiers, the University volunteers taking their part. But this was all much too quiet for the undergraduate world, who pent up their feelings until the evening, and then made a carnival on their own account on Parker's Piece. With one consent they all gathered there from every College, after eight o'clock in the evening, without a cap or gown amongst them, though the University authorities strictly enjoin the wearing of cap and gown after dark, and fine everyone caught without them. Every undergraduate in King's to my knowledge turned out that night without either, and hundreds from the other colleges as well. Hilton met me on the way to Parker's Piece, going, as he remarked, "to help to keep the peace." Everyone seemed to have a supply of fireworks. But the centre of attraction was the bonfire that had been prepared. Of course, like all bonfires, it soon began to burn out, and then the trouble began. With one accord the hundreds of undergraduates present went off in all directions, returning in relays with everything they could lay hands on that would burn within a radius of half a mile. Hilton and I knew of some forms which were standing outside a house down a side street, and away we went with a score of other undergraduates, and we staggered up with our burden of forms, and the whole of them went on the bonfire. How many shutters were burnt that night I should not like to say, but the

bonfire was well fed until long past eleven o'clock, and only then began to fail because everything of a combustible nature within a considerable distance had either been put on the fire or conveyed out of our reach by the owners. How the owners were compensated I know not, or whether the University makes good their losses when the undergraduate world gives way to ebullitions of this nature. Possibly the dwellers in Cambridge make a reserve fund to compensate themselves for such occasional outbursts. Anyway no one seemed particularly to mind, and the University authorities from time to time console themselves when these things occur by remarking that individually the undergraduate is a delightful person, but that collectively he is an ass.

Just before the end of this term, on 15th March, Edward Noel Smith and W. D. Fenning, who were both then at Oxford, came over on a visit to Hilton, and the four of us were much together for the next few days. On the Tuesday (19th March) we all went over to Ely for the day, and then they came and dined with me in King's College Hall, and spent the evening in my rooms. Just about this time King's College modified its rule requiring every undergraduate to attend daily service in chapel, and enacted that those who went to the Porter's Lodge and signed their names on a slate between the hours of seven and eight in the morning would be free from attendance in chapel on week-days. But any

one failing to sign the slate before eight o'clock, and not attending morning chapel, was required to attend the chapel service at five o'clock in the afternoon. I was grumbling at having to make a journey before eight o'clock to the Porter's Lodge, and said I thought they might as well let us sign in after midnight, as I did not see how they could object to our being up early in the morning. To this Hilton made comment in his usual slightly hesitating way, "They should do so, but they have selected eight o'clock in the morning as the time when you are *least* likely to be about." The conversation turned upon his home at Uxbridge Moor, and he mentioned that by his father's vicarage ran the river Colne. I ventured on the observation that I had never before heard of the Colne. "Not heard of the Colne," said Hilton, with well-assumed gravity, "Not heard of the river Colne; why, it is one of the finest rivers in England," and then, after a slight pause, and in a subdued voice, "It is so wide, it would take a rare good man to jump it."

Arthur Hilton was reading away quietly during the Lent term now just over, and again during the following May term for his final examination, but this did not keep his wits from working in their natural groove, and now it was that he put together those brilliant *jeux d'esprit* which have been so long associated with his name, published under the name *The Light Green.*

Shortly before this, a monthly magazine had been issued, which had a brief existence, called *The Dark Blue*. It affected to be, and at Cambridge was supposed to be, the product of young Oxford. It was a weak and poor production, so feeble, indeed, that it caused much amusement to those at Cambridge who possessed themselves of it in order to see what Oxford could write. The puerility of *The Dark Blue* greatly amused Hilton, and after writing a parody or two of some of its scarcely intelligible nonsense, the idea occurred to him of publishing *The Light Green*, made up of parodies only. So it came about that *The Dark Blue* was the immediate cause of *The Light Green*, though *The Light Green* was more than a mere parody of its prototype. It is sufficient to quote the following lines from *The Dark Blue*, and refer the reader to Hilton's parody, entitled "Ding Dong," p. 162.

Yet all your song
Is —— Ding Dong,
Summer is dead,
Spring is dead—
O my heart, and O my head!

Go a-singing a silly song
All wrong,
For all is dead—
Ding Dong,
And I am dead!
Dong!

Thus accidentally Hilton was stimulated to write some of the best parodies that Cambridge has produced. *The Light Green*, the little shapely pebble which Arthur Hilton flung into the sea of literature at the close of his undergraduate days, after the lapse of thirty years, still spreads its ripples of bright humour. The first number was published in May, 1872, just as he was going in for his Final Examination, and at that time he had no intention of publishing any second number. It bore no imprint of any number to indicate that it was to be followed by another. But the immediate and complete success, amongst the undergraduate world, of the first number, induced him to publish a second in the November following, after he had taken his degree and gone down. The first number contained an introduction, followed by eight parodies in prose and verse, all written by Hilton, with the exception of "The Tichborne Trial" (in prose), written by Hawes Turner, and "The Bills" (a parody in verse of E. A. Poe), by Reginald Wickham. The second number of *The Light Green*, contained six parodies, all by Hilton, with the exception of "The Review of a New Play" (a parody in prose of a *Saturday Review* article) by Hawes Turner.

Of the contents of these two numbers, the best known pieces amongst undergraduates, past and present, are "The Vulture and the Husbandman" (May number) and the "Heathen Pass-ee" (November

number) as they appeal more directly to the examination troubles of the undergraduate world. The "Heathen Pass-ee" occupies the somewhat unusual position of being the successful parody of a successful parody. The metre of Swinburne's *Hertha* seems difficult enough to imitate, yet Bret Harte used it with the greatest apparent ease in the "Heathen Chinee," and then Hilton applied it with equal ease and effect in his parody the "Heathen Pass-ee." In an appreciative notice of the second number of *The Light Green*, which appeared in the *Spectator* of 18th January, 1872, the reviewer wrote, "the gem of the whole is the 'Heathen Pass-ee.'" And after quoting several stanzas ending with the lines—

> "And we found in his palms which were hollow,
> What are frequent in palms—that is dates."

the reviewer added, "no one can ever hope to beat those two lines."

It has been well observed that to be a parodist of the first order there must be mimicry of the metre as well as burlesque of the original, otherwise the humour of the parody will fall short. For a perfect specimen of Hilton's craftmanship, "The Octopus" (May number), his parody of Swinburne's *Dolores* may be regarded as faultless. It flows with easy grace, yet teems with originality and caustic humour. *Dolores* is a long poem of fifty-five

stanzas, and Hilton's parody consists of only five. The mimicry of the original metre is admirable, and the burlesque of the general spirit of *Dolores* is equally good. Let me quote one stanza from *Dolores*:

"O lips full of lust and of laughter,
Curled snakes that are fed from my breast,
Bite hard, lest remembrance come after
And press with new lips where you pressed.
For my heart too springs up at the pressure,
My eyelids too moisten and burn;
Ah, feed me and fill me with pleasure,
Ere pain come in turn."

and one from "The Octopus":

"Ah thy red lips, lascivious and luscious,
With death in their amorous kiss!
Cling round us, and clasp us and crush us,
With bitings of agonised bliss;
We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
Dispense us the potion of pain;
Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure,
And bite us again!"

Hilton finished the first number of *The Light Green* early in the month of May, and the printers got it out in about ten days. In my diary for the 9th May, 1872: "Went to Hilton's to play whist. He has just put a *jeu d'esprit* into the hands of the printer called *The Light Green*, a skit at *The Dark Blue* magazine. It is full of very clever parodies." *The*

Light Green was a success at Cambridge as soon as it was published, but it shows only the lighter side of Hilton as the sparkling jester. Like his favourite, Hood, on whose books, as a boy, he spent some of his earliest shillings, he had his serious side, and could touch deeper issues. Turn to his ballad of *Sister May* (p. 151): there is nothing of the jester here, but poetry and a playful fancy. The music of words was in his ears.

It was a great delight to Hilton's friends to find the hearty commendation that *The Light Green* at once met with from all who read it, and the many kind things that were said of it no doubt helped to make his last term at Cambridge a very happy one.

Here perhaps I may mention that Hilton at this time became very much attached to a very charming young lady who was at Cambridge on a visit, and had been there the previous May term. He used to pour out his heart to me, and I fear he thought me somewhat callous when I gave him the most excellent and the most paternal kind of advice as to his being altogether too young to contemplate matrimony. In my diary I note: "Hilton had a long talk with me about his love affair, which amused me and was a relief to his feelings." His great misery at this time was that the young lady in question, who was both pretty and clever, and certainly much attracted by Hilton, as indeed anyone would have been, was about to go to reside for two years abroad.

Whether anything might have come of this attachment later, had they both lived, no one can say, but they both died young and unmarried. To this charming lady, and to Arthur Hilton's love for her, we are indebted for *With a Pair of Gloves* and the sweet little poems *Nobody Knew*, *Our Parting*, and *Moon Beams* (pp. 197-200).

The May races this term were more than ordinarily interesting. J. H. D. Goldie, the great oarsman, a Johnian as was Hilton, had stroked the Cambridge boat to victory over Oxford in 1870, and he had repeated his victory this following year. But to Cambridge men, an even greater achievement was his placing the Johnian boat at the head of the river these May races by bumping First Trinity, which had held the headship of the river for six years past. There is no harder boat to bump than the head boat of a division, for it has the double advantage of the shortest course to row over to reach the winning post, and unperturbed water all the way. No chance of disturbance from the wash of a struggling crew in front of them. To those who knew the make and build of the respective crews of First Trinity and of the Johnian boat, Goldie's feat in catching the First Trinity boat was a wonderful instance of the command he had over material not quite the best, and the enormous driving power of his individual oar, which seemed to do, and probably did, the work of three ordinary men. The races lasted as usual

the week through, beginning on Monday, 20th May. It was not until Wednesday night, 22nd, that John's got dangerously near Trinity, and some of us thought the Lady Margaret eight might possibly catch them before the week was out. The following night (Thursday) St. John's gained on Trinity, but did not get as near as they had done the night before. Goldie, apparently with good generalship, was giving his crew a rest. Many were deceived by this, and thought St. John's had rowed themselves out on the Wednesday night. Others still thought they would make a supreme effort on the Friday, and in this belief Hilton and I posted ourselves by the Willows, and we were well repaid, for the Lady Margaret boat came leaping through the water and bumped First Trinity a little more than half-way over the course. Never have I seen a finer athlete than Goldie—his build, though not in the least heavy, was perfect in symmetry, and his power was, for the size of his frame, colossal. Everyone felt that though St. John's had won the coveted position, and had won well, it was due to the generalship and astounding power of the stroke oar. It was a great victory, and very popular, both on account of Goldie's success as stroke of the University boat, and on account of the prolonged reign of Trinity at the head of the river. Hilton and I shouted ourselves voiceless, and when we got back to Cambridge, flags, tablecloths, rugs, parti-coloured shirts, and anything that was

conspicuous fluttered from window after window, wherever an undergraduate was housed. Hilton's mother and two of his sisters and a cousin were up at this time, so they came in for the fun and fury of the Johnian success. It was a great week, that boat race week at Cambridge, the most exciting one of my three Cambridge Mays.

"George Eliot" was present, and we undergraduates were interested to know what she thought of it all. When we learnt that the only observation she let fall was, "all human joys are transient," she somewhat fell in our estimation.

It seems almost a pity that St. John's College does not rechristen its boat club. The fact that it is called the "Lady Margaret" (after their foundress, Lady Margaret Beaufort, wife of Edward Tudor and mother of Henry VII.), tends to perpetuate their unfortunate nickname—greatly resented by Hilton—of "pigs." The common abbreviation, as everyone knows, of Margaret is Peggy, and Peggy being akin to Piggy, Johnians for long years past have gone by the name of "Pigs," varied as "Hogs," and their College in consequence has been called "The Sty." These taunting terms might have fallen into disuse but for the name of the College boat club. With the name of Margaret constantly upon their lips, and so obviously convertible into "Piggy" and its correlative terms, Johnians seem unable to outlive their nickname, though other Colleges have outlived

similar opprobrious designations. Hilton could not endure these unhappy nicknames, and I well remember his remarking of the Lady Margaret Beaufort, "An excellent pious well-meaning old lady, no doubt, that foundress of ours, but why in the name of all that is execrable did her progenitors christen her Peggy!"

Arthur Hilton's Cambridge days were now drawing rapidly to a close. With the boat-race week and all the gaiety crowded into it, the term was well-nigh spent. On the Monday following (27th May) the Procession of Boats took place between the King's and Clare bridges, one of the prettiest of Cambridge sights, with throngs of brightly dressed ladies present, mostly the visiting kinsfolk of the undergraduate world. That brought to an end the festivities of his last May term. Next day the many visitors were betaking themselves homeward, and the following Monday, 3rd June, Hilton was sitting in the Senate House working through his papers in the final examination. He came through it all right, and his name was duly published in the list on 13th June. Two days later, on Saturday, 15th June, he took his degree, and the following week packed up his household goods and said good-bye to the university. "It is like tearing one up by the roots," he remarked to me afterwards, and he truthfully expressed what most of us feel when our turn to leave comes.

Hilton and I made several boating excursions

together this May term. When we had a free afternoon, we used to get a couple of boats from "Robinson Crusoe," and sail against each other up the river through Paradise, and far on, sometimes to Byron's Pool, by Grantchester. Delightful afternoons were those; and how well I remember one day in the second week of June, just after he had been in for his final examination, and was enjoying that restful state which comes after the effort and worry of it—a state which to him meant an extra effervescence of drollery—we went in our two skiffs right up to Byron's Pool. Our boats were close alongside most of the way, and never further apart than talking distance. The day was one of those perfect English early summer days, warm and sweet smelling, with light breezes that come as a foretaste of more to come. The birds were all singing—the thrush, the reed warbler, and now and again the nightingale piped out. It was so lovely and so enjoyable that, although we both intended to be back for Hall at 6.30, we abandoned all idea of it, and just by Byron's Pool we found a moorhen's nest with a dozen glistening speckled eggs in it. Sometimes one seems to be able to recall every little detail of almost every hour of the day just as it happened, and then comes a blank for months, and perhaps years, in one's memory. That day somehow I seem to remember as if it were yesterday, and how we came back past eight o'clock,

just after sundown, and how I sent to the College kitchens, and they sent us in a little dinner, to which we did full justice. Then two or three dropped in, and about eleven Hilton went back to St. John's, borrowing my cap and gown to protect him from the challenge of a Proctor.

When Hilton left Cambridge in June, 1872, he had just entered upon his twenty-second year, and as the canons of the Church of England lay down that no one is eligible for ordination until twenty-three years of age, he could not be ordained before March, 1874, when he would be qualified as to age. At first he thought of entering the Theological College at Wells in the October Term of 1872, but on further consideration he decided to take a good six months' holiday and go to Wells after Christmas.

A pleasant feeling of contentment and restfulness comes to almost every one when the stage is reached which is marked by taking one's degree. This happy period of existence was rendered more than ever enjoyable to Hilton by the prospect of a visit to Switzerland, to which he refers in the following letter:

TO EDWARD NOEL SMITH.

HANTHORPE HOUSE, *Aug. 3rd*, 1872.

MY DEAR BOZ,

Reptile! why have you never written to me? I don't know whether you still desire to see me at Stafford, but I regret to say that I should not be

able to come if you did, as I am going to enlarge my ideas by a "tower" on the Continent under the surveillance of a benevolent uncle and aunt, who, from long residence abroad, are conversant with the manners and customs of the natives, and more especially with the lingo, wherein my education was shamefully neglected by the Rev. De Lisle.[1] I shall leave this place for home in a day or two, and next Thursday we shall take ship for Antwerp. Thence we shall proceed to Cologne, in whose scented streams we shall disport ourselves for a period. Then we shall glide up the storied Rhine, till we come to the terminus at Switzerland. Here I shall doubtless encounter the irrepressible John Sowerby. I shall enjoy myself awfully, especially as I have never yet set foot in "furrin parts." I wish you were coming with me. Fancy mountains!—Ever thine,

A. C. H.

The above letter shows the happy frame of mind in which he looked forward to his foreign tour, and the following letter gives us a glimpse of his thorough enjoyment. The "benevolent uncle" was Mr. Marcus Synnot, who married the elder sister (Miss Ann Parker of Hanthorpe House) of Arthur Hilton's mother:

TO HIS MOTHER.

LUCERNE, 10*th September*, 1872.

We came back to Lucerne yesterday, after spending more than a week at Seelisberg.

There were a great many English there, and when

[1] French master at Marlborough—a good violinist.

one got to know them it was very festive indeed, and we were quite a happy family. There was an old schoolfellow of mine there, and also a man who was at St. John's, though he gave up Cambridge after a year's experience of it. I did not know him at Cambridge, but of course I soon made his acquaintance. We had a dance one night, and two or three concerts, in which I did not take part. But the great joke was a theatrical performance, *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*, which we invented, rehearsed, and got up in two days. We acted it like a charade, inventing the words as we went on, except a few songs which were written for the occasion, and which everyone forgot. Considering that there was no shop or town within miles, the dresses were very good. I was Aladdin, and I wore a pair of Turkish trousers, made out of a striped petticoat, a lady's velveteen jacket with gold stars pasted on to it, a gorgeous little scarlet cape over my shoulders, and a turban made out of my Astracan cap, with a Roman scarf tied round it, and an ostrich feather at the top. The people applauded very much, even the Germans, though they could not understand the jokes.

I climbed up two mountains. They were not showy ones, but they were a decent height, and took about three hours to ascend. Three hours does not sound much, but you see the path is very bad, and besides, it is uphill all the way. One that I went up comes to quite a sharp point, about as big as a table, and you feel very grand when you stand on the top and see the clouds floating about the sides of the mountain below you. We leave Lucerne to-morrow morning. We are going to drive to Geneva, which will take us two days,

but it is a much pleasanter way of travelling than by railway. Uncle Marcus and Aunt Annie won't hear of my going just yet, but I think you may expect me home about the end of this month. I hope I shall find letters at Geneva, for I consider myself rather neglected, especially as I have been such a model correspondent myself. We have met some very nice people at different places, but perhaps they seem more agreeable because one has not time to discover their bad qualities. I have not seen many Germans that took my fancy at all; they talk so loud, and the women are fat, and dress badly. The prettiest girls are sure to be English, which is a blessing.

There are great numbers of Americans, and a few of them are pleasant, when one can get over their peculiarities. It is very amusing at a large hotel to watch the manners and customs of the different nations, and it is wonderfully easy to tell what country people belong to after you have seen a few specimens. I don't think much of the style of men who come out as English chaplains. We have had some very funny services and sermons. A. C. H.

Hilton could never be really idle, for his wits were always at work, and the restful time he was now enjoying afforded him leisure to write two amusing little plays, *Alonzo the Brave*, and *Hamlet, or Not such a Fool as he Looks*. In January, 1872, no theatricals had taken place at Uxbridge Moor, owing to the death of Hilton's aunt (Mrs. T. Denne Hilton). But in January, 1873, the usual theatricals were revived again, and *Hamlet*, which he had just

completed, was played with great success. The reporter of the local paper waxed enthusiastic about it, saying, "It is a play of great merit, and would appear to be the work of a practised hand rather than that of a young amateur. The dialogue sparkles and abounds in puns and occasional flashes of wit, the absence of which is often painfully felt in burlesques of more pretension. The interest of the spectators is maintained throughout. The make-up of each character was good, and the acting in most instances was far beyond that of amateur performers, one or two of the actors displaying high dramatic power. Long continued applause followed the falling of the curtain."

WELLS.

1873—1874

In the latter part of January, 1873, Arthur Hilton went to Wells and took up residence for rather more than a year, in order to go through the course of special preparation for the ministry which the Wells Theological College provides. There he remained until just before his ordination in Lent, 1874, when he removed to Sandwich upon his appointment as curate to St. Clement's Church.

Wells is a delightful peaceful old town, lying in a fertile valley at the foot of the Mendip Hills. The fine old cathedral, with its grand western front, and its many sculptured saints rising tier on tier, simple, rugged and severe, dominates the little Western City. Near by stands the ancient and sombre Bishop's Palace, a castellated, moated stronghold of the troublous days that have long gone by, with its drawbridge across the stream, which, rising near at hand, has filled its dykes for long centuries past.

To Hilton, coming from Cambridge with its abundance of noble buildings, Wells, with all its architectural charms, had not much wherewith to captivate him, and the change to a humid atmosphere from the dry climate of the eastern counties caused him to chafe somewhat.

TO EDWARD NOEL SMITH.

THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE,
WELLS, *February*, 1873.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER,

The Scripture and various other causes have moved me to take up my abode in the above-named excavation, where a course of early chapels (8 a.m.!), afternoon penances of anthems and long canticles in the cathedral at 3 p.m., lectures 10–12, preceded and followed by prayer, is making short work of my old Adam, and pruning my prurient proclivities into perfect parsonic propriety. This is the slowest of slow towns. "It seemeth always Sunday afternoon," as Tennyson says. The country around, however, is gorgeous, though modestly veiled in mud at present. I think the atmosphere of piety, and general odour of sanctity, and the XXXIX. articles, are doing me good. The shell of the Cambridge chrysalis is cracking, and the full theological butterfly may soon be expected to emerge and float gracefully through an atmosphere of clericality, sipping the sweets of a title with moderate stipend and no extreme views. *O monstrum horrendum*, how faithless you were in the vacation about that meeting in London's smoky town. Three weeks I waited for you to write, after which I

was constrained to point out to my cousin L—— that it would be an act of shameless indecency on her part to present herself in society without a full knowledge of the piece that everyone went to see, and that as I was always ready to sacrifice her interests to my own, I would throw up pressing engagements and escort her to a morning performance of *Charles the First.* Which also we did.

I fear I cannot join you on Dartmoor, but could not you take me *en route* home? I can give you a bed and a bone, with the occasional privilege of my society. I shall be here till Easter Monday, and I am quite on your way. —Ever yours,

A. C. H.

At Easter-time Hilton paid a visit to Dorset. I was away from home, and failing to meet, he wrote to me as follows:

WELLS, *8th May*, 1873.

I suppose you are getting near the end of your time. Do you know this part of the world at all? It is awfully dull, and theology has a depressing effect on the spirits. I was down in Dorsetshire three weeks ago, and was much disappointed not to see you. Edward Smith and I had a nice walk along the coast.

I suppose you are enjoying yourself immensely at Cambridge, and doing your best to "catch the blossom of the flying term." I find that society at Wells is not quite so open-armed as at Cambridge. However, one can revel in the purer pleasures of a really beautiful country, at least one could if it didn't rain every day. I got wet through yesterday, and went into a pot-house to dry.

"Very wet," I observed to mine host.

"Yes, sir, beautiful rain, sir," said the brute.

Somersetshire people are most unfeeling. I have to get up to 8 o'clock chapel every morning, wet or dry, and if a snowstorm keeps me from lecture the Principal foams at the mouth.—Ever yours, A. C. H.

TO EDWARD NOEL SMITH.

WELLS, 9*th May*, 1873.

I ought to have written to you before to express my gratitude for my very pleasant week at Stafford. I assure you it quite picked me up, after the depressing influence of Wells, and to this day I feel the beneficial effects of our coast walk.

I had an awful journey to London after I left you. We went a fine pace for a time, and nearly made up for lost time; but when we got within ten miles of Paddington, the people waved flags and stopped us dead for about a quarter of an hour, after which we crawled in at the speed of a twopenny 'bus, and got in fifty minutes late. I missed my dinner, and had to rush out of the theatre between the acts, to eat cold beef at a pot house.

Eugene Aram is very fine, though hardly equal, I think, to his martyred majesty. The audience were awfully enthusiastic. On my way back to Wells I went to stay a day or two with a cousin who has taken a house in Hampshire, and we were very festive. There were various chaste pleasures to be enjoyed, and such remarkable drink and cookery; I have not enjoyed a meal since. There were five of us in the house—two males and three females—and no one older than twenty-six, so that all was liberty, fraternity, and equality.

It has rained at Wells since eight o'clock last Monday evening. How is the reading? "Good luck have thou with thine honours" (*Psalms*).

I trust you put the shilling you received from me into the poor-box. I have been curtailing my charities in proportion ever since. A. C. H.

Sir Henry Irving was at this time playing Eugene Aram and Charles I.

TO EDWARD NOEL SMITH.

WELLS, *18th May*, 1873.

You appear to have come into unlawful possession of £15, but on what grounds you conceive me to have been similarly fortunate or unprincipled, I cannot imagine. I am tied by the leg here till October 6th. I arrove on Saturday last, since which it has rained—a bad look-out for the archaeologists to-morrow. Your recommendation of me to Colonel Pinney was an act of true brotherly love, for which I shall be extremely grateful, even if he forgets all about it. The discipline of the College is to be somewhat relaxed for the next day or two, so I hope to hear one or two antiquarian discourses.

You appear to be having great sport. Don't forget to come here and see me between this and October 6th. When shall you be ordained? What are Maclaghan's [now Archbishop of York] views? I do not mean to begin work with any extreme man. I should like to see you much and talk theology and scandal.

A. C. H.

P.S.—I *have* seen the Shah; at least, I saw him at the Opera Comique, where he is a great deal more natural than in real life.

The reference to £15 is to the withdrawal of "caution money" which undergraduates at Cambridge and Oxford have to deposit on entering a College. When they become graduates, they elect to remain upon the books of their respective Colleges and pay an additional sum, making up in all about £40, whereupon they become members for life of their Colleges, or determine to discontinue their membership, in which case they receive back the £15 deposited on entrance as "caution money."

TO HIS MOTHER.

22nd June, 1873.

You must have had a very enjoyable day at Wellington.

I had an amusing adventure the other day, I was out for a long walk, and I went to a little village inn to get something to eat. A nice looking woman appeared. "Can it be possible?" she said, clasping her hands. "What?" said I. "You are my *brother*," she cried, and nearly hugged me. It seemed she had a brother in Africa whom she had not seen for sixteen years, but the reason she thought I was the man was because I was so like her father who was dead. The curious thing was that though I stopped there some time and had some eggs and bacon, yet neither she nor her husband could get rid of the notion that I was some relation of theirs, and up to the last minute they seemed firmly convinced that I was only pretending not to be her brother. Moreover, they called in the parish clerk and the schoolmaster, and they all perceived the "family likeness"

directly. I was of course highly flattered. It was as much as I could do to persuade them to take any money for what I had to eat, and they seemed quite hurt that I would not stop all night. It was almost as good as Tichborne.—Ever your affectionate Son,

A. C. H.

Hawes Turner was at this time editing Wordsworth's *Excursion* for scholastic purposes, which will explain, so far as it may need explanation, the reference in the following letter addressed to me:

25th May, 1873.

Many thanks for your nice letter. It is pleasant to find that one's friends have not forgotten one. I trust the weather has been more salubrious at Cambridge than here, or your people must have caught some colds. I wish I were on the spot to exercise my hospitality on them, as you did so profusely on mine last year. I have not yet heard from Turner [Hawes Turner], but it is satisfactory to be assured that he is in the flesh, and has been usefully employed. He has done a great work if he has made Wordsworth palatable to the general reader.

"Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind
Turned inside out."

A "Mr. Cook" is sadly needed for that *Excursion*.

From the carefully guarded way in which you praise *The Light Blue*, I should imagine you thought I had been guilty of the whole of it. I have, however, no connection with it beyond first strongly deprecating its publication, and then, at Metcalfe's earnest request, contributing a play written some time ago for private

performance. The whole concern is, in my opinion, abominable trash, and it was very weak of you not to say so.

Metcalfe, distrusting his editor (who, I believe, is one Chambers, an *Architect and Surveyor*), sent me some of the proofs to look over. I told him that they were unfit for publication, but soon afterwards they appeared in all their virgin barbarism. A more grotesque mixture of bad English, bad style, and bad taste than the account of the boat race, for instance, it has seldom been my lot to deplore.

You mention a Cambridge undergraduate's journal. Is it the same as the *Cantab?* If it is, it coolly appropriated my name in a blue prospectus issued a month or two ago, which announced that among the contributors would be Jebb, Bonney, Professor Seeley, and the Editor of *The Light Green*. My indignation was considerably tempered at finding myself in such distinguished company, but still I thought it somewhat cool. I remember Tennyson at Marlborough. He and I had a very close race for a prize in my last half-year there.

I don't think I shall be out of my element in the Church, and as a proof I enclose an ecclesiastical skit which made some sensation here. No one guesses the author, though the signature is an anagram on my name, and perhaps it is as well they don't. You will probably agree with the original letter more than with my reply to it, but it may amuse you, or irritate you, which is the next best form of excitement. Send it back to me next time you write, which I do not expect you to do yet, as you are busy and I am idle. I enclose phiz, and should like yours much.—Ever yours, A. C. H.

P.S.—Religious motives apart, the clerical profession is a better look-out from a worldly point of view than amateur scribbling, though neither prospect is bright.

The skit to which he refers was a letter to a Wells local newspaper, but I have not been able to recover it.

The first number of *The Light Blue* had just appeared (May, 1873), and the place of honour was allotted to Arthur Hilton's "Hamlet." We knew this was his work, but whether he had had any hand in the other portions, as editor or otherwise, I did not feel sure, so I wrote to him diplomatically. His comments on *The Light Blue* as a whole were entirely justified, it was a miserably poor magazine, and unworthy of publication.

The postscript to his letter, and his other reference to his not being "out of his element in the Church," was in consequence of my having urged him several times to take up literature as his profession. He writes as if I thought he would not succeed in clerical life, but I had no doubt that he would make his mark in any walk of life into which he put his heart. The opinion I had formed was that with his strong dramatic instinct, his artistic feeling, and his marked literary skill, he would gradually strike out a line for himself and secure a hearing in the press far wider than that of the pulpit. Though there are lean years to be bridged over, and the taste of the public is uncertain, I considered that Hilton need have no

fear of success if he made the venture. It was from no idea that he was unsuited for a clerical life, but from the thought that he might ultimately do better work if he gave full scope to his natural bent.

How Hilton's name came to be published in connection with the Undergraduates' Journal I do not know, as I had no connection with it at the time the prospectus was issued. Hallam Tennyson (now Lord Tennyson) was editor of it, and I gave him some assistance by writing some articles and getting others to write. In the October term I wrote to ask Hilton to send us something, and his reply to me was as follows :

WELLS, *28th October*, 1873.

I have just returned to Wells after a three weeks' vacation. I did not get your letter till last Friday, and have really had no time hitherto to answer it, much less to write anything for the Undergraduates' Journal. Moreover, I can't think of anything to write about, and not being on the spot one cannot take advantage of Cambridge jests and gossip. I do not think Wells is a good place for fostering a literary turn of mind, and I find it very difficult to keep my composition from running into the style of theological controversy. Still if I do have a happy inspiration, I will send you the result, but I shall not expect you to insert it,—in fact, my opinion of your editorial faculty will be shaken if you do.

I was very sorry indeed to hear about poor Horace

Moule. He was one of the few Marlborough masters who ever shewed me kindness or courtesy or—what was rarer still—appreciation.

You will doubtless be pleased to hear that I have satisfactorily passed the Archbishop of Canterbury's preliminary examination, and shall probably be ordained next March. I am becoming rather priggish and opinionated, and am developing Anglican views.

How is Turner? He has owed me a letter for some months, but all shall be forgiven if he will write now.

We may perchance meet if you are in town at Xmas. —Ever yours affectionately,

A. C. H.

Horace Moule has already been referred to (p. 16), as one of a band of brilliant brothers, whom many of us thought the most brilliant of them all. He, like Arthur Hilton, suffered, but in a much more serious way, from the worry of mathematics. Henry Moule, his father, for some sixty years the vicar of Fordington in Dorset, during several years of his life took pupils to educate with his own sons. Under his father's tuition Horace Moule got all the teaching he had, until he went up quite unknown to Trinity College, Oxford, and beat for an open scholarship G. J. Goschen (now Viscount Goschen), who had come up from Rugby with a great school reputation to compete for it. The old vicar of Fordington was a Cambridge graduate, and whether it was owing to the Oxford movement or some other cause, I cannot say, but at the end of a year he decreed that his son

Horace should go to Cambridge to finish his University course. At Cambridge Horace Moule was at once recognised as a brilliant and versatile person of most agreeable manners, and he was looked upon as likely to come out senior in the Classical Tripos of his year. But there was a lion in his path. In those days, and for many years after, no one could go in for the Classical Tripos unless he first secured a place in the Mathematical Tripos. To Horace Moule and to Arthur Hilton, and countless other men of a classical turn of mind, the study of mathematics was repellent. Horace Moule, though he would have been a made man had he come out as Senior Classic, was unable even to go in for the Classical Tripos, for he failed as many others had done, to take honours in mathematics. This indefensible system of previous mathematical honours being necessary for classical honours' men, prevented him from entering for the Classical Tripos, and so lost him all chance of a Fellowship. For a time he became, as we have seen, a master at Marlborough, then a leader writer for the *Saturday Review*, and then, after literary work for several years, he obtained an Inspectorship of Union Workhouses. But the iron of disappointment had entered his soul, and the prospect of a less anxious life came too late, and a few weeks before I wrote to Arthur Hilton, Horace Moule had died, sad to say, by his own hand. Under these untoward circumstances the following lines,

written by Hilton's favourite Marlborough master, have a special interest:

"As, whene'er a man departing
Leaves behind a well-known place,
And his friend, with tear-drops starting,
Claims the picture of his face;
He, well loving,
Asks for truth and not for grace;

Does not blame the painter's duty,
Nor to weak dispraise incline,
If with fainter marks of beauty
Ruder features intertwine,
Asking only
'Draw my friend's face line by line.'"

—H. M. M.

Amongst Hilton's papers, written in pencil, is the following memorial notice of Horace M. Moule, written apparently for publication:

"School generations pass so quickly—the talk of to-day is the tradition of to-morrow—the Balliol scholar or the hero of the playing-field becomes the undistinguished 'old fellow,' and teachers and taught of the old days so soon pass out into a larger world, that it is quite possible that at Marlborough now the tidings of the death of Horace Moule brings not a sense of severe loss. Probably it was in College rooms, at regimental tables, in London offices, in country curacies, that the short newspaper paragraph stirred the most tender memories

and awakened the most heartfelt regrets. I speak not of the manner of his death—it is the old story; the keen intellect clouded, the sympathetic nature jarred and unstrung by the very force of its own delicate appreciation of the misery of others—but I would dwell for a short time on my own recollections, recollections shared by many others, of the kindness, gentleness, and loving influence of our Marlborough master. I believe that amid all the schoolboy affectation of indifference to courtesy and independence of persuasion, there is yet a disposition to welcome any attempt to soften the formalities of intercourse between master and pupil, to unlock the hard door of idle apathy with the golden key of kindly encouragement, and to invest the sternness of the study with the glamour of ambition and fame. This was pre-eminently his method. He desired and endeavoured to make his pupils follow him as a friend rather than as a leader along the path of knowledge. He would have them recognise their own powers and believe in the development of their own unripe faculties. He showed them that he considered them not as a class of careless children, but as individual embryo men, endowed with their several talents, to be cast away and squandered or cherished for their own and the world's profit, according as they realized the value of their gifts. Who so kindly as he to discover and praise the smallest spark of boyish genius or the painful

endeavour to acquire by diligence what nature had not bestowed? who so careful to encourage the earnest and stimulate the faint-hearted? who so quick to acknowledge the gleam of scholarship, the happy translation, the neat verse, or even in more social intercourse the original idea or the bright schoolboy jest? Truly that genial nature did good work amongst us. The ready smile, the willing approval were not thrown away. Many warped minds were restored to activity, many dull intellects quickened to enthusiasm by the influence of his ready friendship."

In the latter part of November, 1873, Hilton journeyed from Wells to Sandwich, with a view to taking the curacy of St. Clement's, and a title to orders from the Rev. Arthur Manners Chichester.

TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAL, *November*, 1873.

I will tell you a little more about Sandwich. Chichester is the vicar not of one, but of two churches; one has been restored, the other is being done now, and will be opened next spring. There are about 900 people in each parish. Chichester is a bachelor, about 30—quiet man, rather shy, but quite the gentleman, and very good-looking—a sort of saintly face. He is quite devoted to his work, and has done an immense deal in the town. I heard him preach yesterday—fifteen minutes plain, earnest sermon. He calls himself a moderate High Churchman, and has quite my views on ritual, but is obliged to be very careful for

fear of frightening his congregation. For this reason he preaches in a black gown (!) as he says he doesn't see the harm of it, and it has always been the custom in the church where he preaches. I told him it was a badge of party, and stipulated that I should wear a surplice myself. He wears a cassock in church, not in the streets. There is daily evensong at his churches and the other one in the town in turns. He is well known round about as a good Churchman and a model priest. I sincerely hope he may make up his mind to take me; I can hardly imagine any man whom I would rather choose as my vicar. Sandwich is not so very bad after all, and it is healthy.—Ever your affectionate son, A. C. H.

Hilton obtained his wish, and secured the curacy of Sandwich. He refers to it in the following letter addressed to me:

UXBRIDGE, *29th December*, 1873.

Many thanks for your letter, which has been forwarded to me here. I fear I must deny myself the pleasure of coming to see you. My reasons are rather feeble, you will think, but collectively they are too much for my inclinations. In the first place, I am, as usual, a pauper, and you live such a cruelly long way off; in the second place, this is the last time I shall ever be at home for any length of time, and I have already promised to go to Henry Smith's wedding, and shall probably have to go down into Kent besides; in the third place, I cherish the idea that I am doing some reading in preparation for March 1st next, when I hope to be ordained. I am sorry to miss the oppor-

tunity of seeing you again. Do you ever come down into Kent, for that is to be my future abode? I have obtained a curacy at Sandwich under one Chichester, an exceedingly charming man, good churchman, but *not a Ritualist*, so there will be nothing to frighten you, if you are ever disposed to come and see me. I begin to look forward to Holy Orders as the time draws near. I am going to write to Edward [Noel Smith] to-day to ask him how he gets on. I don't think I could quite stand those London slums.

Please remember me to your people, and thanking you again for your kind invitation,

Believe me,

Ever yours affectionately,

A. C. H.

Hilton returned to Wells after Christmas, and on the 1st March, 1874, his twenty-third birthday, he was ordained.

SANDWICH.

1874-1877.

On Sunday, the 1st March, 1874, Arthur Hilton was ordained deacon at St. Mark's Church, Kennington, at the Lent ordination, by Bishop Parry, suffragan Bishop of Dover, and he entered next day upon his duties as curate of the two churches of St. Clement, and St. Mary, Sandwich. At this ordination, both Crawford Tait, the only son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and the present Archbishop of Canterbury (Davidson) were also ordained Deacons.

Sandwich is one of the quaintest of English towns. As seen from a little distance, standing in the waste of marsh and pasture land with its red roofs and square set church towers, it wears quite a foreign air. It is one of the Cinque Ports, and has a long and lively history. Though often harassed by the Danes, and sacked and burnt again and again by the French, its prosperity in the old times knew no real check. Frequent onslaughts upon the town only seemed to

bring out the mettle of the dwellers at Sandwich, with its 1500 mariners and its fifteen sail of armed vessels, and heavier fortifications and greater wealth went hand in hand. The fortifications of Edward IV. made Sandwich such a stronghold that the harbour and customs receipts rose to £17,000 per annum and the townsfolk owned well nigh 100 vessels of heavy tonnage. All went well so long as the sea washed the walls of Sandwich. But in the reign of Henry VII. the sea began to recede rapidly as the marshy tracts rose, and in the reign of Edward VI. the mouth of the river Stour, which till then had given access to ships from the sea, silted up, and the glory of the town departed. The port being thereafter useless, save for ships of small burden, the fortunes of Sandwich went down. Petitions and commissions in the reign of Anne, and of the early Georges, came to little, and all that they effected was to maintain the width of the Stour at one hundred feet, with a depth of twelve feet at high water along the quay side.

Leland, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., said: "Sandwich is neatly walled where the town standeth most in jeopardy of enemies. The residue of the town is ditched and mud-walled. There be in the town four principal gates, and three parish churches." The churches remain. A good portion of the walls are still to be seen, and there is a delightful shady walk on the southern and western side of the town, between the old ramparts and the protecting fosse.

Of the four "principal gates" but one remains, the Fisher's Gate, at the bottom of Quay (now called Key) Street.

There is an extraordinary charm about Sandwich. It seems when one is there as if one had dropped into a little backwater of medieval England. St. Clement's, with its fine massive Norman tower, stands boldly out above the little town rich in other buildings full of interest, all specially delightful to Hilton with his keen artistic temperament and wealth of architectural knowledge. At every turn picturesque gables and quaint old structures abound, adorned with bold and grotesque carvings. And then but twelve miles to the westward lies Canterbury with its centuries of history and its vast ecclesiastical buildings.

In the old days when Sandwich was in its zenith, Deal, Walmer, Ramsgate, Fordwich, Brightlingsea in Essex, and Stonar and Sarre in the Isle of Thanet, were "limbs" of the port of Sandwich. And Sarre Court, as we know, was still, and had long been, the possession of the Hilton family (p. 3). So here was a touch of kinship between Arthur Hilton and the little town of Sandwich, which was to be his last home.

Another touch of kinship came through his second baptismal name of Clement. Although known as "Arthur," he had from quite a little boy generally signed his name with the initials of both his Christian names, and after he went to Sandwich he almost

invariably signed his name in full, Arthur Clement Hilton, to emphasize his love for St. Clement's, the pre-eminent and grand old mother church of Sandwich.

Two Sundays had passed since his Ordination, when he wrote the following letter:

TO HENRY MORAY HILTON.

CATTLE MARKET,
SANDWICH, *12th March*, 1874.

Thank you very much for your congratulatory letter. This is an awfully queer place; the grass grows copiously in the most frequented streets—in the bye-ways they keep sheep. There is not much going on, but a brewer's cart comes once a week, and my landlady remembers having seen a carriage and pair drive through the town. The names of the streets are peculiar. Tucksboat Street, Knightrider Street, Guildcount Lane, Moat-Sofe, and so on. You can walk all round the town in a quarter of an hour, but when you get in it, it is a perfect labyrinth, and I lose my way hopelessly every day. This I also do in the services, where I have made frequent mistakes—generally in the direction of brevity. Be sure you never try, on a Sunday morning, to turn to the east and say the Apostles' Creed by heart, or you may forget, as I did, what comes after "Pontius Pilate," and have to stop and turn round to find the place. It is as well also to bear in mind that after reading the Collect for the day, it is not rubrical to proceed at once to the Prayer of St. Chrysostom, but that there are some six or eight minor petitions which should precede it.

Joking apart, I like my work, and hope that the time has at last come for a change of life and steadiness of purpose. Holy Orders—even the Diaconate—conveys a fearful responsibility, and I only hope I may always feel the weight of that responsibility as strongly as I do now.

My vicar is very kind, and gives me every assistance and encouragement. To-day I am going to take a class of boys and give them elaborate instruction in the first part of the Catechism. This, I find, involves much preparation. I praught, *i.e.* preached (as taught for teached) last Sunday, and my landlady said it was "very promising."—Ever your affectionate Cousin,

A. C. H.

When you write to me please direct "Arthur Clement," as I rather like the coincidence of the name with St. Clement's Parish. There is a saint Clement here, and a curate Clement. The only thing *inclement* is the weather.

Thus we see him, full of quips as was his wont, settling down to begin clerical life in earnest. But as it turned out, to make a beginning only, though a good beginning, for after three brief years, as a happy and beloved curate at Sandwich he was called to his rest.

Miss Edith Hilton, his junior in years, but the eldest of his sisters, took up her home with him about two months after he entered upon his work at Sandwich, and remained with him to the last as his constant companion and helpful co-worker in all

parish matters. "I had," she writes me, "the great pleasure and blessing of living alone with my brother during the three years of his clerical life. He was very earnest and faithful in his work, and was fortunate in having as his vicar one whom he much loved and respected."

TO WILLIAM D. FENNING.

SANDWICH, *March 8th*, 1875.

MY DEAR WILLIE,

Many thanks for your long letter. You were the only person, except my Mother, who testified any consciousness of my birthday. That auspicious festival becomes somewhat shorn of its fair proportions as years advance, but I daresay you remember the time when I considered it a high feast indeed, and it was so in more senses than one. I have a distinct recollection of the season of the year when your nativity recurs. It coincides providentially with apples, and the making of jam. I think we have held wassail on that day round a groaning box-lid in the ancient covered playground. In fact, I trace my friendship for you to the unbridled passion which once possessed me for your apple puffs. Somehow those Marlborough days seem very far away —further to me, I dare say, than to you. It is odd how you and I have passed and repassed each other in the procession of life. First, at Marlborough, I was a form ahead of you, and patronised you accordingly, the said patronage soon giving place to a cringing servility as you became lord of a certain sumptuous cupboard, yclept a new-court study, and after this state of things had continued some years, I suddenly blos-

somed into the glorious undergraduate, and left you the grovelling school-boy. You have never quite caught me up since. We were simultaneously *in statu pupillari*, but there you remain yet, while I am a graduate, and a parson, and the head of a household. I fear you are only biding your time, and that ere long you will "Come with a rush" and "leave me standing still." Your prolonged education ought to be fitting you for great things, and some day you will probably climb into the bishopric by the usual pedagogic ladder thereunto. Joking apart, I rather admire your good sense in not contemplating ordination as a matter of course, like an M.A. degree. There is no earthly reason, as you say, why an earnest man should not do God's work without taking the irrevocable step of "entering the Church" (my dear fellow, do remember that you *entered the Church* at your baptism), and it is a step that can be taken with at least equal promise of success comparatively late in life.

For my own part, I do not in the least regret my somewhat early admission into the ministry, but I do not think that anything short of a sense of sacred obligation would ever have induced me to do any work in the world at all. As it is, without having altogether shaken off my predisposition to laziness, yet I get through far more parochial work, and even private reading (!) than I should ever have thought possible in old days. I even find myself taking up Alford's Greek Testament, and running through a chapter as if I liked it.

I passed my examination for priest's orders the other day, but my ordination will not be till Trinity Sunday,

the second Sunday in Lent this year not finding me twenty-four. I shall probably be ordained privately with one other man at one of our Sandwich churches, as the Archbishop has no regular ordination till September. Believing as I do most fully in the Prayer Book views of the ordination of priests, you may imagine that the occasion will be to me of no small solemnity.

Good luck to you in your examination. I wish you could come and see us at Easter. We should be really pleased to have you here.

You ask how my sermons are appreciated. I really don't know. I aim at reaching the feelings of the ignorant rather than of the learned. Of course, the people are always telling me that my last discourse was "beautiful," and so on, but they would say that to any stick.

I have written no poetry to speak of for a long time, which I consider a good sign—the receptive faculties, I hope, developing instead of the productive. I am too young really to write yet.—Ever yours affectionately,

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON.

Arthur Hilton was ordained priest at St. Mary's Church, Sandwich, on Trinity Sunday (May 23) by Bishop Parry.

TO WILLIAM D. FENNING.

SANDWICH, *4th June*, 1875.

MY DEAR FENNING,

If my *Standard* tells the truth, I number an Oxford first-class man among my young friends and pupils.

How on earth did you manage it? Were the examiners asleep, or did they show you the papers beforehand?

Seriously, I am very pleased with you, and will recommend you to the Corporation of Sandwich as a fit candidate for the office of Town Crier or Scavenger, or Deputy Harbour Master, or any other lucrative sinecure you may consider yourself qualified for.

What are you going to do with yourself? Shall you try for a fellowship, or wait at Oxford till they make you Vice-Chancellor?

Write and let me know.—Ever yours,

ARTHUR CLEMENT HILTON.

After this letter to congratulate his friend, there is unfortunately another wide gap in his correspondence. On the 2nd March, 1876, he writes a letter to his mother, thanking her for her birthday letter to him of the day before.

SANDWICH, *2nd March*, 1876.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Thank you very much for your kind letter and present. The latter will make a very good nest egg for the fund for a pocket communion service. I do not mean to buy it till I can afford a good one. I had some other presents—a nice prayer book from Edith, a bunch of beautiful flowers from Miss Marsh, one of the district visitors, and a basket of eggs from Mrs. Wood, by way of Lenten fare. It is curious how often my birthday comes on Ash Wednesday. I remember it always used to when I was a small boy. It was a very dull day here in spite of your prophecies of sunshine, and the services

in the churches were naturally not of a cheerful character. I have a great deal to do now, more than I ever had before. I am coaching some children from the school to go in for a prayer-book prize. I am also announced to give a course of plain addresses on the Lord's Prayer every Friday evening at St. Clement's. These I intend to deliver extempore, which will be rather a novelty.

I do not possess a copy of the little play you want, except a very rough one in a note-book, *Prince and Page*, written down as it was composed, and illegible to anyone but the writer. I am afraid I have not time to copy it out. Perhaps next Christmas I may get it put into a magazine.—Ever your affectionate son,

A. C. H.

To my lasting regret I saw Arthur Hilton but once after he took up his cure of souls in Sandwich, and that was in this spring of 1876, when he stayed for a night with me in Chelsea, where I was then living. He and I went to see Irving in *Hamlet*, the first time that I had seen him in that part. When we got back, I was so full of the play that I endeavoured to show C. H. Wilson, who then shared my lodgings, how Irving flung himself into the King's seat after the playing scene. I did it with such dramatic fervour that I broke off the hind leg of the large arm-chair which I had selected as my temporary throne, and the arm-chair departing from under me, I found myself pitched through the glass of the low French window of our dwelling room into the balcony without. Peals of laughter came from

C. H. Wilson and from Arthur Hilton, the latter asserting that my version of it had entirely eclipsed the Lyceum actor's. Next morning Hilton left betimes, and I promised to visit him shortly at Sandwich, and fully intended doing so. But in those early years of life the thought of one so full of vigour and brightness departing never seemed to enter into one's calculations, and not hastening to make my promised visit, I was too late.

Shortly before Michaelmas Day (1876) Hilton received an invitation from a friend at Sandwich to come to a goose dinner, to which he sent the following reply:

Dear Mrs. Wood,
Your offer so good,
To accept I am sending this line off.
To be deaf to your letter,
Would prove me no better
Than the bird you intend me to dine off.

Two months later he went up to Cambridge for a flying visit in order to take his M.A. degree, which was duly conferred on 23rd November.

Early in the following spring Arthur Clement Hilton fell ill. Never at the best of times robust, the March winds of that year, when, perhaps, his strength was a little over-taxed, took hold of him; and then going about the parish too soon, he had to take to his bed, suffering from congestion of the lungs. But no one was alarmed about his condition

and he seemed to be making good progress when, on 19th March, he wrote to his old friend W. D. Fenning the following letter:

TO W. D. FENNING.

SANDWICH, *19th March*, 1877.

MY DEAR WILLIE,

I heard you had a plan of spending a few days with us during the Easter holidays.

I wish with all my heart it could be carried out, but unfortunately I have been laid up for the last five or six weeks with congestion of the lungs. I am now slowly recovering, and am able to get up and come downstairs for part of the day. Directly I am strong enough I shall go to Uxbridge for change. This may be before or after Easter, but anyhow I fear I must give up the idea of entertaining you or anybody else.

This is the first day that I have written in ink instead of pencil. Great improvement. I took violent exercise this morning. I raised my arms above my head ten times, struck out right and left ten times, and walked up and down the room ten times. I had to sit down after it, but I think it did me good, and gave me an appetite.—Ever yours affectionately,

A. C. H.

This is his last letter. A day or two later he had a relapse, and then after a brief struggle for life he died on Easter Tuesday, 3rd April, 1877, only twenty-six years of age.

What more is there to say? The Corporation met

together and passed resolutions of condolence, obituary sermons were preached, and there was a touching funeral service at the grave side, where he now rests just without the chancel walls of his beloved church of St. Clement. The parishioners erected in St. Clement's Church a window to his memory, and the love and respect shown for him in these last solemn rites were such as is quite unusual in the case of one so young.

Shortly before his death he had taken much interest in preparing for the free use of the poorer parishioners a new pall, as the one in use he had thought unworthy. The new pall he designed himself in its minutest details, and his sister, Miss Edith Hilton, who lived with him, worked it in accordance with his instructions. The pall was finished just before he died, and was first used at his own funeral.

Two years later, Crauford Tait, the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, died, he too quite young, and also an only son, and in the ministry in the same diocese. In the *Life of Catharine and Crauford Tait*, the Archbishop makes mention of Arthur Clement Hilton in the following passage: "It is remarkable that another young clergyman, ordained on the same day as himself [*i.e.* Crauford Tait] equally given up to his Master's service, Horsley, and another almost of the same standing, Hilton, one of the most devoted and be-

loved curates of the diocese, have passed away like him, their work scarcely begun. But God accepted in all three the short service which he gave them time to render. It is natural to say that such lives cut short bear on them the mark of imperfectness; but in God's sight it is not so."

Arthur Clement Hilton's gentle, happy, genial manner, his steady work amongst the poor and the suffering, and the literary quality of his sermons, combined with a striking and perfect delivery, justified the general opinion that the Church had lost a minister of quite unusual promise.

As he said in his letter to his friend, W. D. Fenning, he was writing little poetry. *A Fragment*, *Psalm CXXVII.*, and a little *Hymn*. And then just before he died the more important *Pilgrimage of Grace*, on his beloved Church of St. Clement. A slender record—for his mind was running in fresh grooves, and the time when he might have written freely again was not to come. He was labouring indefatigably in his parish work in Sandwich, and already his growing power as a preacher was becoming generally felt. Even the humblest folk were discovering that he had something of interest for them in his sermons. To quote the words used to me some years later by the old barber of the place, uttered with unwonted emphasis, "Ah, Mr. Hilton, he *were* a preacher; one in ten thousand beant like he." For three years he worked hard and faithfully

as curate of St. Clement's, and under the shadow of the grand old Norman tower is his last resting place on earth.

What the future might have had in store for him had he been spared, it is useless to speculate upon. Sufficient for us that in the few brief years that were his, he plucked a few sprigs of bay and made therewith his own little crown.

> But count not theirs a darker fate,
> Who somewhat earlier sleep.

POEMS AND PARODIES

1868-1877

POEMS AND PARODIES

TO JOHN SOWERBY.

"It is better far
To rule by love than fear."

OH, grey old "Noggs," loved, honoured, and revered,
My mental eye perceives thy hoary beard,
Thy ancient nose, thy silver-sandy hair,
Thy eyes that watch me with paternal care.
Long may'st thou grant me endless "leaves off school,"
And pardon each transgression of a rule!
Long may I hear thee in thine own strange way
Remark with curious fervour, "Oh, I s-a-y."

Once on a time, men say, in days of yore
A "booby trap" was set above the door;
It was not meant for him—they deemed that he
Was seated at his solitary tea.
Some chance did animate his restless toe
Too early round the dormit'ries to go;
Scarce had he crossed the threshold—on his crown
A mighty dictionary came thundering down,

While here and there the frightened culprits ran
Exclaiming breathlessly, "By Jove, the Man!"
Did he rush at them with resistless might,
Or give them several hundred lines to write?
By no means. Turning round as one amazed,
Grimly around the darkened room he gazed,
And, said, while picking up his battered cap,
"You people can't half set a booby-trap."

And when the poor delinquents on the morrow
Went to him to express their contrite sorrow,
He sniffed a kindly sniff, and scratched his head,
And then with mild benignity he said
"I might have had concussion of the brain,
But well—I hope it won't occur again!"

October, 1868.

A MARLBOROUGH CHARADE.

(SNOWDROP.)

I.

'Tis a February morning,
Sullen is the atmosphere,
Nature's shining cold white mantle
Covers all things far and near.

Trackless is the dreary court-yard,
Save where early-rising Voss
Has been diligently sweeping
Sundry little paths across.

Gleaming icicles hang pendant
From the stark and leafless trees,
While in Hall the tea and coffee
Has a tendency to freeze.

From beneath the sheltering Arches
Stept a Prefect, grim and great,
Walking over to his breakfast
With a slow majestic gait,
Little recked he of the future,
Little of impending fate,
He was thinking of a motion
For the next Sixth Form Debate
When he felt a sudden something
On his venerable pate.

And a clammy shudder thrilled him,
As behind his ear it burst,
And a passer-by informs us
That emphatically he cursed
The impertinence of—some one,
And the coldness of *my first.*

II.

The goal post has taken the place of the wicket,
And all things to Football must yield.
And faded and gone is the glory of Cricket,
And nimbly the ball flies as sturdy toes kick it
At "Punt about" up in the field.

Let us seek the broad space where the battle is raging,
Where, fighting in equal array,
Two houses fierce mutual warfare are waging,
With th' essence of purest house-feeling engaging,
Each vowing to carry the day.

"Dulce est," declares Horace, "pro patriâ mori."
Far sweeter 'tis commonly reckoned,
To rescue the ball from the scrimmage so gory,
To make a long run, and then, covered with glory,
To kick a good goal with *my second.*

III.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a Wiltshire village passed
Two youths who walked with rapid stride,
While ever and anon they cried,
"'Tis late! 'tis late!"
Sternly their glance shot forth below
The cap which crowned each noble brow;
Then spake the elder, "We must cut
Like boots, or Mr. Voss will shut
That horrid gate."

And as they went their weary way,
They passed a garden trim and gay,
Wherein 'mid other plants there grew
A floweret pleasing to the view,
Of snow-white hue.

"Oh, stay," the younger said, "I'm blest
If this sha'n't deck my Sunday vest;
They've many more than they can want,
So we will ask them if they can't
Spare us a few."

They tapped, and straight appeared a peasant,
Who made himself extremely pleasant.
He quickly granted their request,
And after they had culled his best
They turned to go;
"And now," he said, "young gents, I think
Your honours' health I'd like to drink."
But, ah! poor man, he sadly erred.
They fled—far off he thought he heard,
"No! would you though?"

He turned and, when he long had mused,
Concluded that he'd been ill-used.
Reader, if thou would'st guess my riddle,
Wait till the tuneful bell for Middle
Chapel doth toll:
Before the service doth begin;
Our friends will swagger slowly in,
Adorned in all their Sunday best—
Then haply on each manly breast
You'll spy *my whole.*

November, 1868.

THE BATTLE OF HERRINGS.

The occasion of this poem was the county election. Marlborough was appointed a polling place, and the roughs in the Town were very much enraged at the Conservative propensities of the College. A fishmonger named Harroway threw down herrings to the crowd, to be used against the "Blues." This was the occasion of the Battle of Herrings, which might have become a serious row but for the interruption mentioned in the poem.

WERE I a poet (which I'm not)!
Had I the pen of Walter Scott!
That I might tell the tale of war,
And all the battle's fame declare,
That I might sing the deeds of might
And all the glory of the fight;
How brutal force did skill assail,
How herrings hurtled, thick as hail;
The air in that terrific hour
Was darkened by the fishy shower.
No more need inland rustics wish
To view the flight of flying fish,
For flying fish, though somewhat bigger,
Could not have flown with greater vigour.

Who was the brave, heroic man,
Who the fierce conflict first began?
Who was the man of great renown,
The gallant champion of the town?

Nay, Harroway, thy name shall not
Unknown, unmentioned go to pot.
Thy actions on that awful day,
Unlike thy fish, shall not decay,
And every fishmonger shall see,
How great a fishmonger may be.
What though thy business does not do
So well as thou might'st wish it to;
What though of thee men do not buy,
But get them other fish to fry,
Yet still thou may'st with pride reflect,
Thy missiles had some small effect,
And though thy herrings would not sell,
The eager mob employed them well;
Their pent-up spleen found ready vent,
In shying at each "College gent,"
While Harroway beheld with pride
How excellently straight they shied,
And rubbed his hands with oily glee,
"Them Tories ain't no match for me."

The Tories though did not submit
To stand as butts for cads to hit,
And furiously with might and main
They flung the herrings back again.
The fishmonger looked on meanwhile
With stolid, self-complacent smile,
Until a providential shy
Ingeniously bunged up his eye.

With sorely disconcerted mien
He quickly vanished from the scene,
And hoarsely muttered as he went,
"I'd like to ketch that there young gent."

And now the fight was waxing hot,
And fiercely flew the salted shot.
The ground was dark with heaps of dead,
And many a herring lost his head.
The many feared the gallant few,
The Yellow quailed before the Blue,
But as they bravely kept the street,
They heard the signal of retreat;
It was a sound they knew full well,
The loudly pealing dinner bell.
Compelled to fly against their will,
They gave three cheers both loud and shrill,
And, firing one sharp parting volley,
Returned in time to eat their "bolly,"
In time to tell their tale of glory,
And drink "Success to every Tory."

November, 1868.

MR. BAMBRIDGE'S CONCERT.

THAT first-rate establishment, Marlborough College,
That world-renowned temple of classical knowledge
Boasts many instructors of various degree,
Professors of learning, M.A. and M.D.,

Many scholars and Fellows from Oxford and Cambridge,
And among them one,
Who is second to none
In perfection of musical skill, Mr. Bambridge.

Full many a time has this gentleman striven
By means of his talents the town to enliven,
And now, with this object in view, he has given
A concert, which Marlborough will ever remember,
On Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of November.

'Twere a hope idiotic, and purely Quixotic,
To expect that a Muse, so exceedingly rough
As mine, should be able to praise half enough
The result of this gentleman's zeal patriotic.
Suffice it to say,
On that long-looked-for day,
'Mid the high and the low, 'mid the poor and the rich,
Excitement had reached an unparalleled pitch,
And the concert aroused a sensation, of which
The like was unknown to the far recollection
Of the oldest inhabitant. E'en the Election
Was thrown in the shade by this greater attraction.
Though certainly during the day party faction
Had run rather high,
And many a cry
Of applause or derision, defiant and loud,
Had been raised by a not very orderly crowd,

Among which many voices denounced as a humbug
A person whose name they pronounced as "Old Schumbug."

But now 'tis o'er,
We hear no more
That din and disturbance, that "mighty uproar,"
And the roughs have bellowed their windpipes sore,
And every elector has been to the poll,
And the day has passed off very well on the whole,
And the crowd has dispersed and the tumult is hushed,
And at last we arrive, not very much crushed,
And each take a seat in a very nice chair
In a very nice room, which is lent by the Mayor,
With the cordial kindness he always displays,
A kindness we cannot sufficiently praise;
In fact, 'twould by no means be easy to fix on
A worthier man than our Mayor, Mr. Dixon.

(The above was written before the concert. The details of the performance were to have been added, after attendance, but unfortunately, owing to Election disturbances, members of the school were not allowed to go.)

November, 1868.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND EDWARD NOEL SMITH.

CRUEL one, thou hast departed,
I am left to pine alone,
I am nearly broken hearted,
All my faculties have flown.

Yes, my medical adviser
Thinks that I am going cracked;
His conjectures, I surmise, are
Soon to be confirmed by fact.

Oft together have we wended
Into school our weary way,
Often sleepily attended
Class-room prayers at close of day,

Or with aching feet have plodded
Up the steeps of Pewsey Hill,
And returning, sat and fodded
Jam enough to make us ill;

And when orient Morn doth dapple
Cloud and hill with rosy ray,
Rushed together into chapel,
Dressing deftly on the way.

MARLBOROUGH, February, 1869.

FROM HOMER.

The meeting of Odysseus with his mother in Hades.—*Od.* XI., 203-211.

So she spake; and o'er my spirit came an anxious doubting spell,
And I longed to clasp the vision that on earth I loved so well.
Thrice I sprang towards her; thrice my yearning spirit urged me on;
Thrice she faded like a phantom, floating from me, and was gone.
Then my heart was stung within me with a sharp increasing pain,
And with wingèd words I called her to return to me again.
"Oh, return to me, my mother, why thus cruel hast thou fled?
Let us take our fill of mourning in the kingdom of the dead."

MARLBOROUGH, 1869.

MATHEMATICS.

I'VE really had enough of *sums*,
I've done so very many,
That now instead of doing *sum*
I'd rather not do any.

I've toiled until my fingers are
With writing out of joint;
And even now of *Decimals*
I cannot see the *point.*

Subtraction to my weary mind
Brings nothing but distraction,
And *vulgar* and *improper* I
Consider every *fraction.*

"Practice makes perfect," so they say.
It may be true. The fact is
That I unhappily am not
Yet perfect in my *Practice.*

Discount is *counted* troublesome
By my unlearned pate;
For *cubic root* I entertain
A strongly *rooted* hate.

The heathen worship stocks and stones;
My pious soul it shocks
To be instructed thus to take
An *Interest* in *Stocks.*

Of Algebra I fear I have
A very vague impression;
I study hard, but fail to make
Harmonical *Progression.*

In Euclid too I always climb
The Asses' Bridge with pain;
A superficies to me
Is anything but *plane.*

"Apply yourself," my master said,
When I my woes confided,
"And, when you *multiply*, bestow
Attention *undivided.*"

Oh, if one master tries so hard
Tyrannical to be,
How out of all *Proportion* I
Should find a *Rule of Three.*

CAMBRIDGE, November, 1869.

MY AUNT ELIZA.

THOUGH prigs and prudes alike presume
To quiz their old relations—
Those more especially from whom
They have no expectations—
Perhaps I'm something more a fool
Than most, or something wiser,
For you I'm loth to ridicule,
My ancient aunt Eliza.

Those on the sunny side supplant
Their betters on the shady,
And pert Miss Jane "protests she can't
Endure a maiden lady."

But till old Time has stilled my tongue,
Or made your ears too deaf, you
Shall hear your praises said or sung
By one admiring nephew.

Who once with such devotion strove
My young desires to pamper?
Who petrified all Peckham Grove
With that prodigious hamper?
Who sweetened life with timely tips,
Increasing in gradation,
Until they threatened to eclipse
E'en schoolboy expectation?

You have not changed in any way
As long as I remember;
My life began its New Year's Day
When yours had reached November;
Yet will I ne'er be found among
The ranks of saucy scoffers,
Who hint that you were never young,
Nor liable to offers.

Of course there must have been a time
When men pronounced you pretty,
When all your sayings seemed sublime,
And all your whispers witty.
A time when you were not above
Some interest in novels,
And thought the bliss of fondest love
Was best attained in hovels.

Romance seemed then more true than rant
  And love than filthy lucre,
Monk Lewis less abstruse than Kant,
  And Hook less harsh than Hooker,
Minerva more a classic sham
  Than Venus or Diana,
Ben Jonson preferable to Sam,
  Tom Moore to graver Hannah.

And were you once a little Miss,
  And thought it nowise shocking
To beg a keepsake, or a kiss,
  Or show your mind, or stocking?
Nor ever dreamt of Cupid's dart,
  Nor heeded fashion's folly,
Nor set to work to break your heart,
  Save when you broke your dolly?

And then the doll lay on the shelf,
  And school, which made you shelve it,
Taught you instead to "hold yourself,"
  And dance, and paint on velvet,
And read and write, and net and knit,
  And work a sum or sampler,
While stockings vanished, bit by bit,
  As skirts descended ampler.

And weren't you pleased at "coming out"?
  And anything but sorry
To show yourself at ball and rout,
  And dejeuner and soirée?

And did not beaux come thick as thieves,
  And partners press in plenty,
And offers fall like autumn leaves
  Between eighteen and twenty?

Did all the vanquished vow in vain?
  No suitor suit precisely?
Or did you love some fickle swain
  Too well and not too wisely?
Or did you honestly prefer
  To flourish singly blessed?
Or were you proud as Lucifer?
  Or changeable as Cressid?

Or did you think that wedded wife
  Was not your earthly calling?
Or did you weary of your life
  And find its pleasures palling?
Find men grown too reserved and coy,
  And girls too fast and flirty,—
Until with ill-dissembled joy
  Your friends proclaimed you thirty?

And did you then still more despise
  All folly and flirtation,
Regarding with disdainful eyes
  The rising generation,
And, when you met at baths and spas
  The world that worships waters,
Consorting more with staid mammas,
  And less with flighty daughters?

And did you take to Calvinism,
Or some persuasion primmer?
And comment on the Catechism,
And talk like Mrs. Trimmer?
And grow so prone to teach and preach
How all things nice were naughty,
That you were quite content to reach
The serious side of forty?

Were you resigned when locks and limbs
Alike grew somewhat thinner?
And did you take to singing hymns
With servants after dinner?
And lending out light works on Sin
In districts foul and slummy?
Or did you ask the parson in
To whist with double dummy?

And did you gradually eschew
The charms of male society?
Till spinsters recognised in you
A pattern of propriety;
And married ladies slyly said
They wished they were as thrifty,
And so another decade fled
And left you lone at fifty.

Then Scotland sent you Mary Ann,
That nymph of claws and "carrots,"
And then I doubt not first began
The reign of cats and parrots,

Of mournful doves, of fish in globes,
Of dynasties of Fidos,
Whose maladies were worse than Job's,
And deaths more mourned than Dido's.

And then your gowns began perhaps
To cause a slight sensation,
And then arose those wondrous caps,
My childhood's consternation.
And so the rolling years became
Less rigorously reckoned;
The sixtieth found you much the same
As now the ninety-second.

And still your smile is kind and bright,
Your heart devout, yet humble;
If life has not been all it might,
At least you never grumble.
The flower of woman's life has fled
Ere man's has spread its petals;
Some wither in the garden bed,
And some—amongst the nettles.

1869.

DIDO.

The sun had softly set; no plash of oar
Ruffled the dusky level of the bay;
The wavelets smoothly kissed the calm grey shore,

And sunk to slumber, weary of their play;
The light clouds faded with the fading day,
Catching the sunken sun's bright yellow flame
To bode a windy morn, and passed away;
And then alone the queen of Carthage came,
And told the silent sea the story of her shame.

"Ah me, these waters which I know so well!
Here did I stand and watch with anxious eyes
The slow approaching ships, nor could I tell
If they were steered by friends or enemies,
Whether 'twere peace or war or enterprise,
Or scathing tempest that had urged them here,
I knew not, yet a dim and sad surmise
Of coming danger filled my soul with fear.
Alas, there are worse foes than come with sword
and spear!

"He came; and ofttimes on the winding strand
Together did we quaff the strong sea air,
And all things, as in some enchanted land,
Put on a fresher hue, a form more fair.
His boy, his bright Iulus, oft was there,
For ah, the child was ever true to me!
I watched the sunlight on his golden hair,
I watched him sporting by the summer sea,
And fondly hoped for joys that never were to be.

"Again I stood upon the barren shore;
And saw the cold white moon above me shine;

The sharp stroke of the cruel cutting oar
I heard far off across the bitter brine,
Far off, too far for any eyes but mine
I watched the black specks vanish, one by one,
I saw the last ship dot the dim sea line,
And then I knew that I was left alone,
To reap the evil fruit my evil love had sown.

"Ah me! twice widowed! Wherefore should I live
A weary life, a life without repose?
No joys or cares that earth can ever give
Can wean me from the memory of my woes.
Were it not better done to follow those
Who seek their death, and pass with sudden flight
To those dim kingdoms which no mortal knows?
There shall I find some new serene delight,
Or drink eternal sleep in realms of endless night."

CAMBRIDGE, February, 1870.

JASON

(A RESCUED RELIC).

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Marlburian*.

DEAR SIR,

In looking through the note book of a friend, left now for some time, I came upon the following poem. His modesty or laziness, had prevented him from sending it up to you when first

written, and so I take the liberty of doing so now. If it should meet his eye, I hope he will forgive me for doing so. It is needless to say that our poet is not a plagiarist from the other old Marlburian, Mr. Morris, who has written a *Life and Death of Jason.*

I.

Poor Jason in his younger days
  Was very hardly treated;
Another king was on the throne
  Where he should have been seated.

II.

This gentleman, when Jason showed
  Himself to be the heir,
Would touch his eye, and say "D'ye see
  The emerald gleaming there."

III.

At last he said, "Since you won't give
  A fellow any peace,
The throne I'll yield, if you can bring
  To me the golden fleece."

IV.

So Jason fitted out a ship
  And christened her the Argo,
And vowed that when he came back home
  The fleece should be her cargo.

V.

He took to help him in his voyage,
Companions nine and forty,
Says he, "You must behave yourselves,
Though men will call you *Nautæ*."

VI.

Though we shall doubtless undergo
Some danger, risk, and pain,
Yet on the sea I hope to be
Successful *in the main*."

VII.

But soon a dreadful storm came on;
They lost their masts and spars;
The constant *pitching* of the ship
Alarmed the gallant *tars*.

VIII.

In fear they said, "Without a *mast*
The sea we cannot *master*;
And though we now have *fasted* long
We don't go any *faster*.

IX.

"No land we see, not even *Rhodes*,
Though hard indeed we've *rowed*;
The stormy winds do fiercely *blow*,"
Says Jason, "You be *blowed*."

X.

At last their wearied eyes behold
Far off the wished-for shore;
The *oar* has been their labour long;
Their labour now is *o'er*.

XI.

A dragon watched the golden fleece,
An ever wakeful beast;
But Jason swore a solemn oath
The monster should be *fleeced*.

XII.

In Colchis dwelt a Sorceress,
Medea was her name;
And *charm* and spell she knew full well;
She was a *charming* dame.

XIII.

With many curious ornaments
These charms of form enriching,
She came to Jason, and appeared
Uncommonly *bewitching*.

XIV.

Says she, "'Ere long that horrid beast
Will make an end of you,
Your foes are many, and your friends"—
(Here Jason muttered "Φεῦ"). [*Alas*].

XV.

"I will subdue the brute to you
If you will but agree
That if you prove a *match* for him
You'll make a *match* with me."

XVI.

"Make me your wife, or lose your life,"
She said, "Determine which."
And echo in the hero's ear
Suggested promptly "*Witch.*"

XVII.

Says he, "Since you consent such great
Assistance to impart,
Employ your *art*, and in exchange
I'll give to you my *heart.*"

XVIII.

The dragon reared his hideous head
With accent most terrific;
Says she, "This dirty-looking beast
Must have a *soap*orific."

XIX.

She drugged him till in drowsy sleep
He drooped his bristling tail;
Each barbéd *scale* was useless now,
For turned was Fortune's *scale.*

XX.

When Jason thus had easily
Obtained the Golden Fleece,
He thought that, as he was an *heir*,
He'd better go to *Greece*.

XXI.

On board his gallant ship with him
He took his future bride,
And while the *tide* around them rolled
The nuptial knot was *tied*.

XXII.

On reaching Greece he brought the fleece,
"The throne is mine, sir, now."
But Pelias was a vulgar man,
He only answered "Οὐ." [*No.*]

XXIII.

Says Jason, "I have brought the Fleece,
Your Majesty may see;
To me the kingdom now belongs."
The tyrant answered "Μή." [*No.*]

The poem goes no farther; probably the author (who generally wrote in form), was put on construing, or the lesson and the mood ended. Perhaps the sight of this will induce him to complete it. In the meantime I remain,

PHILOCLEMENS.

30th November, 1870.

LETTERS WRITTEN FOR A POST-OFFICE AT A BAZAAR.

I.

(TO AN ABSENT WIFE.)

AWAY from you, my heart is sad,
Vague torments rack my brain;
I count the moments as they pass,
And wish you back again.
It is not that I fear, my love,
That harm will come to you;
It is not that I miss your face
(Although of course I do);
'Tis not so much the loneliness
That does my feelings hurt;
But now there's no one left to sew
The buttons on my shirt.

II.

(TO ONE OF THE STERNER SEX.)

PUT all your spare cash in your pocket,
And cram it as full as you can;
Take your money-box down, and unlock it,
And come like a good-natured man.
To help us I'm sure you are willing,
Such an excellent person you are!
If you won't give a pound, give a shilling
To the funds of the Uxbridge Bazaar.

III.

(TO A LADY WHO HAD GIVEN A DANCE ON THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.)

WHEN the heart is still giddy with recent enjoyment,
With the whirl and excitement and mirth of the ball,
Oh, 'tis hard to submit to this humdrum employment,
The monotonous duty of keeping a stall.

We have all tried our best, and should be most delighted
To satisfy all, if we only knew how;
But the labour we've spent will be amply requited,
If our hostess last night be our customer now.

IV.

AN EPIGRAM FOR A LADY.

THE rival Universities
Must sure be nothing loth
To find you kindly patronise
Not one of them, but both.

The veins within your forehead fair
Do show the Cambridge hue;
I look into your eyes, and there
I see the Oxford blue.

THE BALLAD OF SISTER MAY.

"WHY weep you, bonnie sister May?
What makes your eyes so red?"
"O brother mine, we two are alone,
Our mother lieth dead."

"And tell me pray, my sister May,
Why dings that dolesome bell?"
"The bell doth toll for the parted soul
Of the mother who loved us well."

She has ta'en him by his hand so small,
She has ta'en him down the stair,
The tapers burn in the silent hall,
A cold white corpse lies there.

"O, sister, bid my mother wake,
O bid her speak to me!"
"Nay, brother, the sleep of the dead is deep;
She will not wake for thee."

"But who will love me, sister May,
If my mother dear be gone?"
"Brother Hugh, thy sister will love thee more,
Since thou hast her alone."

"But thou wilt grow a lady tall,
And marry a knight so free,
And I shall pine in the castle hall,
With none to play with me."

"O brother mine, no knight so fine
Shall take thy sister away;
Though a king should woo, I tell thee true,
Yet would I say him nay."

. . . . .

Twelve summers have come in coats of green,
Twelve winters in robes of white;
In the castle hall stands a lady tall,
And there comes an arméd knight.

Then out and spake that gallant knight,
"I love thee more than life;
Say me not nay, my lady May,
I prithee, be my wife."

"Now nay, now nay, it cannot be,
For Hugh would miss me sore.
Farewell, Sir Ralph, to words of love
'Twixt us for evermore."

He breathed one kiss on her snow-white hand,
Ere he rode his steed from the door.
He is gone to fight in a foreign land,
To die on a distant shore.

She has fled to her turret chamber's height,
And watched her true love go;
She has flung her down on the bed so white,
And rocked her to and fro.

"Alack, alack, I loved him well;
He might have been my own,
But Hugh, my brother, would grieve so sore
To dwell in his hall alone."

. . . . .

'Tis a merry voice on the turret stair,
Her brother is at her side.
"Be merry with me, my sister fair;
I have won me a bonnie bride.

Fair Alice of Lea have I wooed and won;
Rejoice with me, sister May,
And a velvet gown shall be thine own
To wear on the wedding day."

Nought he recked of her broken heart,
Nought of her wasted life.
A sister's love is soon forgot
In the love of a winsome wife.

. . . . .

She has decked her in the velvet gown,
She has seen her brother wed;
But ere the bridal moon was gone
The Lady May was dead.

1870.

TO ANASTASIA.

(A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.)

KNIGHTS for thy sake the lance may break,
Angelic Anastasia;
This child, no knight, doth more delight
Eccentric anagrams to write:

Lost loves are all dead leaves that fall
As flowers from frail Acacia;
May-time will come, and brighter bloom
Burst forth and blossom on their tomb.

1871.

WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES.

'TIS not designed to hide defects
Upon that faultless skin,
But rather, as a shell protects
The dainty pearl within,
So may it guard and keep from harm
That little hand so soft and warm.

ANOTHER.

GOOD luck go with thee, little Glove,
From fingers rough escape,
And on the slender hand I love
Attain a perfect shape.

Endeavour unto neatest fit
  Thy substance to expand,
Thrice happy if thou may'st transmit
  The pressure of her hand.

But then thy rapture pray conceal,
  Exalt not over much,
Or gloves, like hearts, may break to feel
  The magic of her touch.

* [*" The Tichborne Trial" and " The Bills" are not reprinted, as they were not written by Hilton, see p. 75.*]

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Contents:

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Moll Marine. BY "WEEDER."

The Tichborne Trial. BY THOMAS CARR LISLE.*

The Bills. BY THE LATE EDGAR ALLAN TOE.*

Ding Dong. BY ROSINA CHRISTETTI.

The Prattler in Cambridge. ALL BY HIMSELF.

The Vulture and the Husbandman. BY LOUISA CAROLINE.

Cambridge Chit-Chit. BY OUR OWN PENNY-A-LINER.

Cambridge.

[*Price One Shilling.*]

INTRODUCTION.

THE projectors of this Magazine have observed with astonishment, not unmixed with envy, the success of a periodical recently started in the sister University. They cannot but think that this success is due, not so much to its intrinsic merit, as to the partisanship of a certain section of society with the University in question. To the majority of the public, therefore, who are unfettered by this narrow-minded prejudice, it is intended to administer similar, but superior, intellectual pabulum in these pages. For this purpose the services of some of the most celebrated literary stars of the day have been engaged, without regard to expense. A glance at the list of names on the cover will convince intending purchasers of the high character of the contributions.

The title has not been chosen without due consideration. The *Light Blue* was the most obvious, but was rejected on account of its having been previously appropriated. As the nearest approach, the present title was selected, green being a favourite colour with the projectors, and, moreover, a neat and appropriate hue.

OCTOPUS.[1]

By Algernon Charles Sin-Burn.

Strange beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,
Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
With thy bosom bespangled and banded
With the hues of the seas and the skies;
Is thy home European or Asian,
O mystical monster marine?
Part molluscous and partly crustacean,
Betwixt and between.

Wast thou born to the sound of sea trumpets?
Hast thou eaten and drunk to excess
Of the sponges—thy muffins and crumpets,
Of the seaweed—thy mustard and cress?
Wast thou nurtured in caverns of coral,
Remote from reproof or restraint?
Art thou innocent, art thou immoral,
Sinburnian or Saint?

[1] Written at the Crystal Palace Aquarium

Lithe limbs, curling free, as a creeper
That creeps in a desolate place,
To enroll and envelop the sleeper
In a silent and stealthy embrace,
Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,
Our juices to drain and to drink,
Or to whelm us in waves of Cocytus,
Indelible ink!

O breast, that 'twere rapture to writhe on!
O arms 'twere delicious to feel
Clinging close with the crush of the Python,
When she maketh her murderous meal!
In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden,
Let our empty existence escape,
Give us death that is glorious and golden,
Crushed all out of shape!

Ah! thy red lips, lascivious and luscious,
With death in their amorous kiss,
Cling round us, and clasp us, and crush us,
With bitings of agonised bliss;
We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
Dispense us the potion of pain;
Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure
And bite us again!

MOLL MARINE.

By "Weeder."

Moll Marine! A simple, touching name! It had been bestowed upon her by the rude country hinds among whom she dwelt. It was all she received at their hands besides blows and curses. Moll was a common name in those parts, but none knew what it meant, none discerned the hidden poetry in that brief monosyllable. Moll Marine they called her, because she came among them as a waif from the wild waves, as a white foam fleck that the winds toss on to the cold rocks to gleam a moment in the setting sun, and then dissolve for ever into the dews of night.

She was only fifteen, tall and graceful as a young poplar, with a warm brown skin and a scented wealth of amber hair. Everybody hated her. "It was natural," she thought. They beat her, but she cared not. She was like a lucifer; they struck her, and she blazed forth resplendent; beautiful as the spotted panther of the forest, as the shapely thistle that the ass crops unheeding, as the beaming comet that shakes out her golden tresses in the soft hush of summer nights.

And she loved. Loved madly, passionately, hopelessly.

He knew it. He knew that he had but to say, "Come!" and she would follow him to disgrace or death, to polar snows or deserts arid as Gehenna. To him she was nothing. No more than the painted fly he pinned in sport, than the yellow meadow flowers that he crushed beneath his heel, than the soft tender doves whose downy necks he wrung and whose bodies he eat with cruel relish.

[We regret to say that the rest of this gifted authoress' contribution is improper, and unfit for publication—ED.]

DING DONG.

BY ROSINA CHRISTETTI.

DING dong, Ding dong,
There goes the Gong,
Dick, come along,
'Tis time for dinner.
Wash your face,
Take your place.
Where's your grace,
You little sinner?

"Like an apple?"
"Yes I should.
Nice, nice, nicey!
Good, good, good!"

"Manners, miss,
Please behave.
Those who ask,
Shan't have."

"Those who don't,
Don't want.
I'll eat it,
You shan't."

Baby cry,
Wipe his eye.
Baby good,
Give him food.
Baby sleepy,
Go to bed.
Baby naughty,
Smack his head!

Poor little thrush,
Found dead in a bush!
When did he die?
He is rather high.
Bury him deep,
He won't keep.
Bury him well,
Or he'll smell.

What have horns? Cows and moons.
What have crests? Cocks and spoons.

What are nice? Ducks and peas.
What are nasty? Bites of fleas.
What are fast? Tides and times.
What are slow? Nursery rhymes.

THE PRATTLER IN CAMBRIDGE.

"So on he prattled like a babbling Brook."

C. S. C.

I WAS approaching the Completion of my Toilet this Morning, having just inserted the large Safety Pin which forms the Connecting Link, if I may so speak, between my Neck Scarf and the Back of my Shirt, when my Reveries were interrupted by my Friend, Mr. Johnson's Boy, a smart Lad of some eight Summers. He brought me two Epistles, which, as I felt some Curiosity as to their Contents, I resolved to open. Though, for my own Part, I must confess that these Contents gave me some Annoyance, yet I could not refrain from Cachinnation, when I reflected on the Oscillation evident in the mental Pendula of my Correspondents, if I may be allowed the Expression, between the Height of Arrogance and the Depth of Stupidity, an Oscillation which appeared to have entirely thrown them off their Balance, and rendered them incapable of a proper Use of any Perceptions, with which they

might have been endowed by Nature. I transcribe the Epistles for the Benefit of my Courteous Readers.

I.

Dear Sir,

Is it necessary for the Success of your Paper that the Initial Letters of all the Nouns Substantive, and some Adjective, should be printed in Capitals? Besides the Inconvenience which it must cause to the Compositor, the Effect is not pleasing to the Eye, but is as though a Child's Box of Capital Letters had been scattered at Hap Hazard over the Page. Merit does not depend upon Typography, and presuming your Essays to possess the Former, why retain an obsolete Form of the Latter, unless indeed it be the only Point of Resemblance between your own Efforts and those of your great Precursor?

I remain, Sir,

Yours truly,

X. Y. Z.

(Fellow of St. ——'s College).

II.

Dear Mr. Prattler,

Perhaps I may be a Fool, but the Fact is that I have been trying for a long Time in vain to see the Fun of your Publication. I suppose it is my own Fault, but I fail to see the Point of

your Jests or the Originality of your Remarks, which seem to me a Mixture of the Milk of Mr. Tupper with the Water of Mr. Hain Friswell. Don't you think that you had better shut up?

Yours truly,

UNDERGRADUATE.

I will not so far presume on the Imbecility of my Readers as to suppose that any of them would agree with the Sentiments so offensively promulgated in these two Effusions, but it is possible that there may be some among my younger Subscribers who may derive Edification from this Spectacle of Idiocy combined with Impertinence, even as the *Spartans* were wont to reduce their Slaves to a State of Inebriety, that Children, observing their Ridiculous Antics and Apish Conduct, might the better appreciate the Evils of Drunkenness.

To the Gentleman, who I regret to find is a Fellow of his College, who pours forth the Vials of his Wrath upon my Head, for what he is pleased to term my obsolete Form of Typography, I would observe in the Words of *Aristotle*, "Let those who are placed over the Youth of the City have a Care lest they corrupt their Minds by their evil Example and vain Babbling."

To my Critic, who is yet *in* Statu Pupillari, and who, if I may so far express my Feelings, I trust may never rise higher on the Academic Ladder, I

would address the following Advice after the Fashion of good Hannah More of blessed Memory. Respect to Superiors is a Young Man's first Duty. He should never presume to offer an Opinion to his Elders on Anything, unless consulted by them, in which Case he should give the best Answer he has at Command, provided, it be such as will please his Questioner. He should also be an Early Riser, wear Flannel next his Skin, eschew Smoking and other Sins, and be careful not to eat poisonous Berries or put them up his Nose. Finally, he should mould his Life and Character according to the Precepts and Philosophy of the *Cambridge Prattler.*

THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY LOUISA CAROLINE.

N.B.—A *Vulture* is a rapacious and obscene bird, which destroys its prey by *plucking* it limb from limb with its powerful beak and talons.

A *Husbandman* is a man in a low position of life, who supports himself by the use of the *plough.*—(Johnson's Dictionary).

THE rain was raining cheerfully,
As if it had been May;
The Senate-House appeared inside
Unusually gay;
And this was strange, because it was
A Viva-Voce day.

The men were sitting sulkily,
Their paper work was done;
They wanted much to go away
To ride or row or run;
"It's very rude," they said, "to keep
Us here, and spoil our fun."

The papers they had finished lay
In piles of blue and white.
They answered every thing they could,
And wrote with all their might,
But, though they wrote it all by rote,
They did not write it right.

The Vulture and the Husbandman
Beside these piles did stand,
They wept like anything to see
The work they had in hand.
"If this were only finished up,"
Said they, "it would be grand!"

"If seven D's or seven C's
We give to all the crowd,
Do you suppose," the Vulture said,
"That we could get them ploughed?"
"I think so," said the Husbandman,
"But pray don't talk so loud."

"O undergraduates, come up,"
The Vulture did beseech,

"And let us see if you can learn
As well as we can teach;
We cannot do with more than two
To have a word with each."

Two Undergraduates came up,
And slowly took a seat,
They knit their brows, and bit their thumbs,
As if they found them sweet,
And this was odd, because you know
Thumbs are not good to eat.

"The time has come," the Vulture said,
"To talk of many things,
Of Accidence and Adjectives,
And names of Jewish kings,
How many notes a sackbut has,
And whether shawms have strings."

"Please, Sir," the Undergraduates said,
Turning a little blue,
"We did not know that was the sort
Of thing we had to do."
"We thank you much," the Vulture said,
"Send up another two."

Two more came up, and then two more,
And more, and more and more;
And some looked upwards at the roof,
Some down upon tbe floor,

But none were any wiser than
The pair that went before.

"I weep for you," the Vulture said,
"I deeply sympathise!"
With sobs and tears he gave them all
D's of the largest size,
While at the Husbandman he winked
One of his streaming eyes.

"I think," observed the Husbandman,
"We're getting on too quick.
Are we not putting down the D's
A little bit too thick?"
The Vulture said with much disgust
"Their answers make me sick."

"Now, Undergraduates," he cried,
Our fun is nearly done,
"Will anybody else come up?"
But answer came there none;
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd ploughed them every one!

CAMBRIDGE CHIT-CHAT.

By our own Penny-a-Liner.

Mr. Arthur Clifton gave a most successful Concert the other evening at the Guildhall, under the patronage of a select and genial body of Undergraduates. A number of townsmen having been forcibly ejected lest they should mar the harmony and hilarity of the meeting, the performance commenced with three songs by Mr. Arthur Clifton, which were unfortunately inaudible through the thunders of applause which they excited. However, his pantomime was very expressive, and the agility which he showed in avoiding the missiles which were aimed at him by the approving audience was the subject of loud encomiums. Finally, however, a handful of pence, tied up in the handkerchief of an ardent admirer, taking him behind the ear, he retired with a graceful bow, pursued by volleys of applause and a few brickbats. Madlle. Semibreve, the *prima donna* of the company, next stepped forward. She was greeted enthusiastically with a round of chairs, and at the conclusion of her song a perfect avalanche of academical caps bore witness to the sympathy she had excited. Bunches of keys, watches, knives, buttons, and every elegant tribute that fancy could suggest, fell thickly around the head of the

fair songstress. She was, unfortunately so overcome by her success that she was borne from the stage in hysterics, the audience considerately drowning her cries by singing the Marseillaise with wonderful warmth and power.

On the entrance of the venerable and accomplished Herr Quaver, the enthusiasm rose to a pitch of frenzy. He was barely permitted to sing half a dozen words before a rush was made towards him, and he was carried in triumph on the shoulders of his admiring friends, his head being literally cut open by their congratulatory blows. On Mr. Arthur Clifton's reappearance with his head bandaged, the delight of the company was expressed by rapturous groans and hisses, and when he proceeded to play the classical air, "It's naughty, but it's nice," the excitement of his hearers knew no bounds. The piano was dashed into a hundred fragments, and the performer kicked in ecstasy round the room. At this juncture the peace of the meeting was disturbed by the arrival of the Proctors. The gas was instantly turned out, and a few remaining articles of furniture having been hastily thrown out of window, the audience dispersed well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

The prize for the best poem on the destruction of Chicago by fire, has been awarded to the gentleman who alone out of the two hundred and thirty-

nine competitors had sufficient ingenuity to avoid all mention of a Phœnix.

We have observed with pleasure that a noted wine merchant is in a position to offer for sale sound Dinner Sherry at 9s. the dozen, and good wholesome Claret—with bouquet—at 5s. 6d. We recommend these wines to Freshmen next October, especially as we are going down at the end of this Term.

At a Meeting of Bedmakers it was unanimously resolved that the fee, to be paid to them by every gentleman on taking his degree, be raised from one pound to two, owing to the increased price of gin.

A subscription is on foot among the Undergraduates to present one of the outgoing Proctors with a testimonial, to show their appreciation of his zeal and assiduity. If sufficient funds are raised, the Reverend gentleman is to be presented with a pocket notebook, the cover to be embossed with his crest, a hawk swoopant, on a pigeon vert.

An Undergraduate of Magdalene appeared in Hall on the Two Thousand day. He was promptly gated.

A singularly prophetic piece of *doggerel* has been discovered in the pages of Æschylus.

ἐξ ἐνέρων περῶν κυναγετεῖ.

—*Prom. Vinct.* 585.

Hints for Translation:

ἐξ ἐνέρων. "From the infernal regions,"

περῶν. Probably a proper name.

κυναγετεῖ. From κυναγετέω "to hunt with dogs."

[*The senior proctor was at this time the Rev. E. H. Perowne, now master of Corpus. The attendants of the proctor are always known at Cambridge as "bulldogs."*—ED.]

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No. II.

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The May Exam. By Alfred Pennysong.

Review of a New Play. By the latterday Pooh-Pooh.*

The Heathen Pass-ee. By Bred Hard.

Mrs. Brown at Cambridge. By Arthur Sketchey.

Nonsense Verses. By Edward Leary.

Cambridge Chit-Chat. By our own Penny-a-liner.

Cambridge.

1872.

[*Price One Shilling.*]

* *Not reprinted, see p.* 75.

THE MAY EXAM.

BY ALFRED PENNYSONG.

"Semper floreat
Poeta Laureat."—*Horace.*

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, Filcher dear,
To-morrow 'ill be a happy time for all the Freshman's year;
For all the Freshman's year, Filcher, the most delightful day,
For I shall be in for my May, Filcher, I shall be in for my May.

There's many a hot, hot man, they say, but none so hot as me;
There's Meddlethwaite and Muggins, there's Kane and Kersetjee;
But none so good as little Jones in all the lot, they say,
So I'm to be first in the May, Filcher, I'm to be first in the May.

I read so hard at night, Filcher, that I shall never rise,
If you do not take a wettish sponge and dab it in my eyes:

For I must prove the G.C.M., and substitute for *a*,
For I'm to be first in the May, Filcher, I'm to be first in the May.

As I came through the College Backs, whom think ye should I see
But the Junior Dean upon the bridge proceeding out to tea?
He thought of that ægrotat, Filcher, I pleaded yesterday,—
But I'm to be first in the May, Filcher, I'm to be first in the May.

There are men that come and go, Filcher, who care not for a class,
And their faces seem to brighten if they get a common pass;
They never do a stitch of work the whole of the live-long day,—
But I'm to be first in the May, Filcher, I'm to be first in the May.

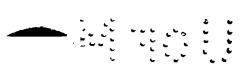
All the College Hall, my Filcher, will be fresh and clean and still,
And the tables will be dotted o'er with paper, ink, and quill;
And some will do their papers quick, and run away to play,—
But I'm to be first in the May, Filcher, I'm to be first in the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, Filcher dear,
To-morrow 'ill be a happy time for all the Freshman's year;
For all the Freshman's year, Filcher, the most delightful day,
For I shall be in for my May, Filcher, I shall be in for my May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, Filcher dear,
For I'll keep a morning chapel upon my last New-Year
My last New-Year before I take my Bachelor's Degree,
Then you may sell my crockery ware, and think no more of me.

To-night I bade good-bye to Smith; he went and left behind
His good old rooms, those dear old rooms, where oft I sweetly dined;
There's a new year coming up, Filcher, but I shall never see
The Freshman's solid breakfast or the Freshman's heavy tea.



Last May we went to Newmarket: we had a festive day,
With a decentish cold luncheon in a tidy one-horse shay.
With our lardy-dardy garments we were really "on the spot,"
And Charlie Vain came out so grand in a tall white chimney-pot

There's not a man about the place but doleful Questionists:
I only wish to live until the reading of the Lists.
I wish the hard Examiners would melt and place me high.
I long to be a Wrangler, but I'm sure I don't know why.

Upon this battered table, and within these rooms of mine,
In the early, early morning there'll be many a festive shine;
And the Dean will come and comment on "this most unseemly noise,"
Saying, "Gentlemen, remember, pray, you're now no longer boys."

When the men come up again, Filcher, and the Term is at its height,
You'll never see me more in these long gay rooms at night;

When the old dry wines are circling and the claret-cup flows cool,
And the loo is fast and furious with a fiver in the pool.

You'll pack my things up, Filcher, with Mrs. Tester's aid,
You may keep the wine I leave behind, the tea, and marmalade.
I shall not forget you, Filcher, I shall tip you when I pass,
And I'll give you something handsome if I get a second class.

Good-night, good-night, when I have passed my tripos with success,
And you see me driving off to catch the one o'clock express;
Don't let Mrs. Tester hang about beside the porter's lodge,
I ain't a fool, you know, and I can penetrate that dodge.

She'll find my books and papers lying all about the floor:
Let her take 'em, they are hers, I shall never use 'em more;
But tell her to console her, if she's mourning for my loss,
That she's quite the dirtiest bed-maker I ever came across.

Good-night; you need not call me till the bell for service rings,
Through practice I am pretty quick at putting on my things;
But I would keep a Chapel upon my last New-Year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, Filcher dear.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass some time ago, but hang it, here I am;
Having "muckered" in a certain Mathematical Exam.
I have been "excused the General," and my reverent tutor thinks
I must take up Natural Science, which is commonly called "Stinks."

O sweet is academic life within these ancient walls,
And sweet are Cambridge pleasures—boating, billiards, breakfasts, balls;
But sweeter far about this time than all these things to me
Would be the acquisition of my Bachelor's Degree.

THE HEATHEN PASS-EE.

Being the Story of a Pass Examination.

BY BRED HARD.

WHICH I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
And the same I would rise to explain.

I would also premise
That the term of Pass-ee
Most fitly applies,
As you probably see,
To one whose vacation is passing
The "ordinary B.A. degree."

Tom Crib was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his face it was trustful and childlike,
And he had the most innocent eye.

Upon April the First
The Little-Go fell,
And that was the worst
Of the gentleman's sell,

For he fooled the Examining Body
In a way I'm reluctant to tell.

The candidates came
And Tom Crib soon appeared;
It was Euclid. The same
Was "the subject he feared,"
But he smiled as he sat by the table
With a smile that was wary and weird.

Yet he did what he could,
And the papers he showed
Were remarkably good,
And his countenance glowed
With pride when I met him soon after
As he walked down the Trumpington Road.

We did not find him out,
Which I bitterly grieve,
For I've not the least doubt
That he'd placed up his sleeve
Mr. Todhunter's excellent Euclid,
The same with intent to deceive,

But I shall not forget
How the next day at two
A stiff paper was set
By Examiner U . . . .
On Euripides' tragedy, Bacchae.
A subject Tom "partially knew."

But the knowledge displayed
  By that heathen Pass-ee,
And the answers he made
  Were quite frightful to see,
For he rapidly floored the whole paper
  By about twenty minutes to three.

Then I looked up at U . . . .
  And he gazed upon me.
I observed, "This won't do."
  He replied, "Goodness me!
We are fooled by this artful young person,"
  And he sent for that heathen Pass-ee.

The scene that ensued
  Was disgraceful to view,
For the floor it was strewed
  With a tolerable few
Of the "tips" that Tom Crib had been hiding
  For the "subject he partially knew."

On the cuff of his shirt
  He had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt,
  But which proved, I regret,
To be notes on the rise of the Drama,
  A question invariably set.

In his various coats
  We proceeded to seek,

Where we found sundry notes
And—with sorrow I speak—
One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student of Latin or Greek.

In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States,
And we found in his palms which were hollow,
What are frequent in palms,—that is dates,

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

MRS. BROWN AT CAMBRIDGE.

By Arthur Sketchey.

Of all the railroads as I ever came across that Great Eastern is out and out the worst, thro' bein' that tejus slow and the carridges a mask of dirt as you might grow cabbidges on, as the sayin' is, and took all the freshness out of my light blue pollynaise, as I'd thought the kerrect thing at Cambridge, thro' Mrs. Burgess a wearin' the same at the Boat-race,

and some young Cambridge gents a-sayin' "Mum, you've 'it the right colour this time and no mistake," as pleased 'er no end, tho' all the time larfin' at 'er, I've no doubt, thro' bein' a orkard figger from a child and not one to look well in a Joseph's coat of many colours, as the sayin' is.

'Ow ever I met Mrs. Vagg on that everlastin' endless platform I don't know, but I says to 'er, "a pint of four ale I must 'ave," as I saw a refreshmint bar 'andy, but of all the stuck-up trollopin' things that barmaid was the most orful, as 'ad dressed 'er 'air within a hinch of 'er life, as the sayin' is, in four false plaits, and three young men a-hoglin' of 'er across the slab, as might 'ave known better, and took cheek from that gal, as I'd 'ave paid 'er back, and let 'er know 'er place.

I never wish to swaller a better cup of tea than Mrs. Vagg gave me that evenin' thro' 'er bein' a Bed-maker, and in course tea a perkisite, as is only fair with 'er a maid-of-all-work to seven gentlemen and board and lodge 'erself, not but what 'er 'ouse wasn't very nice, bein' in Regint Street with Wictor Emmanivel's Collidge opposight, for all the world like Clerkenwell jail, with bars to the winders and all, mayhap thro' fear of burglars a-breakin' in and a-carryin' off the Uniwersity chest, as I'm told would only be poor pickins, and not worth the trouble.

Whether it was that cup of tea, or whether it was talkin' over old times with Mrs. Vagg, as 'ad been

in service with me as a gal, but nine o'clock struck and took me all of a 'eap, thro' 'avin' promised Brown as I'd send 'im a 'a-penny card just to say I was all right. So I says "What time do the Post go out?"

"Ten o'clock," says she, "but you're never goin' out there to-night, and a Town and Gown row on too, as is what no decent woman would face."

"Beggin' your parding, mum," says I, "there aint no Town nor Gown neither, as shall stand in the way of my duty to my lawful 'usband."

So seein' I was in earnest, she 'eld 'er tongue, and 'elped me on with my shawl, and says "Turn to the left and foller your nose, and that'll bring you straight to the Post Office."

Well up the hairy steps I went, thro' 'er a-occypying the ground floor, and a-letting the first, and the very first thing as I sees were a roamin' candle goin' off on Parky Peace as they call it, tho' a poorish Park to me as knows Grinnidge, and as for Peace, it's a-callin peace where there's no peace, thro' bein' a mask of folk all a-'ustlin' and a-jeerin', and a-letting off fireworks, as is things I don't 'old with, thro' John Biggin as was my first cousin on the mother's side bein' blinded with a rocket at Vaux 'all, as were a piece of luck for Mrs. Biggin, as no one would 'ave married with 'is eyes open thro' 'er face bein' a puffect cullender from the smallpox.

What the rumpus was all about I don' know, but the streets was full of young men as would 'ave been better in their beds, some on 'em a-walkin' two and two and a-smokin' pipes, and some jinin' arms, and marchin' up the streets singin' for all the world like as if they was tipsy, and the pavemint that narrer as I was shoved off the kerb, and into a gutter, as was a foot deep and wetted me up to my knees, and clean spilte a new petticut, as such things shouldn't be allowed in the public streets, and where's their Board of 'Ealth?

There was two young fellers a-walkin' be'ind me, and says one, a-larfin', and a-pintin', "That's a good make up," meanin' me, as turned round sharp on 'im, and told 'im to mind 'is own business and not talk about makin' up to me as were old enough to be 'is mother, let alone 'avin' twice 'is wits, as were not much better than a fool, and looked only three days in the week, as the sayin' is. But law bless you, my lord only larfed, and just then I saw a great rampagious mob a-tearin' up the street, as looked the scum of the earth, and gave me that turn as I thought swound away I must, and ketched 'old of 'is arm, and says, "'Elp a lady in distress, and conduc' me past them willains."

Says he, a-takin' off 'is 'at quite perlite, "With pleasure, mum," and off he walked with me a-'angin' on to 'is arm, and my 'eart a-thumpin' with pannikin' fear as might 'ave been 'eard 'arf a mile away.

Well I was just a-slipping my 'a-penny card into the Post, when up comes an elderly gent a-stridin' along and a-lookin' very big, with a gownd a-trailin' in the mud, and the banns of marriage round 'is neck, for all the world like a parson, as no doubt was, and says to the young gent, "Which I must trouble you for six and eightpence for not a-wearin' of your hacademic dress," and pulls out a sort of bettin'-book for to enter 'is name and Collidge.

Says the young gent, quite cool and brazen-like, "Excuse me, sir, but I was a-escortin' of my mother 'ome, and didn't put on my gound for fear of the cads."

This put my blood up, as never could abear anything deceitful or under-'and, and I lets go of 'im, and says, "You hartful young 'ypocrate, and me never' avin set eyes on you before this evenin'," as must 'ave took 'im aback like and serve 'im right, but he didn't wait for no more, but ran off like a harrer from a bow, as the sayin' is, and the old chap sets a long-legged feller to run after 'im, as I 'ope didn't ketch 'im, thro' bein' a kind-'earted young man spite of 'is owdacious fibbin'.

By this time there was a reg'lar Punch and Judy crowd round us, but I grabbed tight on to my humbereller, and thinks I "'it me any of you who dare," when the elderly gent says, "If so be as you're a decent woman, you'll go 'ome."

Says I, "who says as Martha Brown aint a decent

woman, you old waggerbone! I aint a-goin' to stand 'ere to be hinsulted," and was bouncin' off feelin' quite 'urt like, and the crowd a-cheerin' and a-sayin', "Go it, old Fatchops," when if that old fool didn't take and say as it were 'is duty to see me 'ome.

Says I, "Thank you for nothin', as would prefer you did no such thing, thro' me not bein' known 'ere and people might make remarks," but law bless you, words wasn't no good with 'im, as walked along side of me all the way with the crowd a-follerin' and a-hollerin and a-pokin their fun at 'im and me.

Right glad I was to stand on Mrs. Vagg's door-step, and fainted clean away as soon as hever I got down to the kitchen, and you don't ketch me a-goin' down that street after dark again, and, tho' boys will be boys, yet I don't 'old with all their squibbin' and fibbin', nor yet with helderly gents as is paid to hinsult respectable fieldmales, as I wish my 'usband 'ad been there, as would 'ave broke hevery bone in 'is skin and serve 'im right.

NONSENSE VERSES.

By Edward Leary.

There was an old fellow of Peterhouse,
Who said, "You could not find a neater house
Than our new Combination-Room
For a mild dissipation room."
That abandoned old Fellow of Peterhouse.

There was a boat captain of Downing,
Whose crew were in danger of drowning,
But he cried, "Swim to shore,
For I'm sure that eight more
Could not be collected in Downing."

There was a young genius of Queens',
Who was fond of explosive machines,
He once blew up a door,
But he'll do it no more,
For it chanced that that door was the Dean's.

There was a young student of Caius,
Who collected black beetles and fleas,
He'd walk out in the wet
With his butterfly net,
And smile, and seem quite at his ease.

There was a young man of Sid. Sussex,
Who insisted that $w+x$
Was the same as xw;
So they said, "Sir, we'll trouble you
To confine that idea to Sid. Sussex."

There was a young *gourmand* of John's,
Who'd a notion of dining on swans,
To the Backs he took big nets
To capture the cygnets,
But was told they were kept for the Dons.

There was an old Fellow of Trinity,
A Doctor well versed in Divinity,
But he took to free thinking
And then to deep drinking,
And so had to leave the vicinity.

They went to row in a Four, they did,
In a Four they went to row,
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a Four they went to row!
And their oars dug deep, and their backs were round,
And everyone said, "You'll all be drowned!"
But they cried, "You may say that we 'bucket' or 'dig,'
We don't care a button, we don't care a fig!
In a Four we mean to go."

They rowed away in their Four, they did,
They rowed away in their Four,
With only a boy from Jesus Locks,
Tied to the rudder by way of a cox,
Who had seldom steered before.
And everyone said who saw them go,
"Oh, won't they be soon upset, you know!
For they can't 'get forward' or 'keep it long,'
And happen what may, it's extremely wrong,
For Freshmen to row in a Four."

The water it soon came in, it did,
The water it soon came in;
So to keep them dry they removed their feet
From the stretcher below to the opposite seat,
And they grinned a pleasant grin.
And each of them lit a mild cigar,
And they all exclaimed, "How wise we are!
Though we 'bucket' and 'dig' and 'can't keep it long,'
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
As on in our Four we spin."

But in twenty minutes they all came back,
In twenty minutes or less,
And everyone said, "They'll be feeling cool,"
For they'd been upset in Barnwell Pool,
In turning the corner S.
And for fear their wetting should do them harm
They mixed them a glass of something warm,
And they all declared, "Till we've learnt to row
We never again in a Four will go
To the treacherous corner S."

CAMBRIDGE CHIT-CHAT.

By our own Penny-a-Liner.

The Vice-Chancellor requests us to give notice that, following the example of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he will be happy to receive six-and-eight-

pence or more as "conscience money" from any Undergraduate who may have escaped detection while smoking in the streets, neglecting to wear academic dress on Sundays, going to Newmarket without leave, making false excuses to College authorities, owing more than five pounds to any vintner, licensed victualler, or livery-stable keeper, without the cognizance of his College Tutor, availing himself of extraneous assistance in any examination in the Senate-House, or playing at marbles on the steps of the same. All contributions will be acknowledged in the *Light Green*, and will be devoted to a fund for improving the breed of Bulldogs.

A Freshman of a studious turn purchased some Reading Biscuits the other day, but returned them on finding by the label that they were only manufactured for "Brown College," whereas he was at Trinity.

We hear that the students at Girton College will not be allowed to boat, for fear they should learn to "get forward." Their Spinster's Degree will be conferred on them at the end of their College course. Three years afterwards they will be entitled to call themselves M.A. if single; if married, MA. MA.

The Secretary of the Union wishes us to intimate respectfully that the Tortoise belonging to that Society has no place assigned to it in the Library, and that therefore it is quite an act of mistaken

kindness for anyone to put it into the Box for Books Returned.

We extract the following from a useful little work entitled "Hints to Freshmen, by a Head of a College."

Next to going out in the Third Class of the Mathematical Tripos, the easiest way of obtaining a Degree is to take an Aegrotat in Botany. Always go in for the English Poem. Observe the successful compositions of recent years. If there has been a run on the Spenserian stanza, choose the Heroic couplet, and *vice versa*. Show up your composition printed. Poetry in manuscript is not much better than prose. Frequent billiard-rooms as much as possible; it is a good way of becoming acquainted with the Fellows of your College. Be careful, however, how you make a friend of a *viva voce* Examiner. He will ask you hard questions for conscience sake. Avoid lectures, especially before an examination. They take up much valuable time which might be spent in getting up your subjects. Cultivate politeness. You will find it pay with College Tutors, College Porters, landladies, and duns. It is, however, thrown away on Deans, dogsellers, cooks, Proctors, bargees, and coxswains.

The following conversation was recently overheard at the corner of Green Street. "Buy this one, sir? Byewtiful dawg for rats, sir. Kill anythink." "No, no, my good man. You don't take me for a fresh-

man?" "Sir, this is a dawg as I *wouldn't sell to a freshman.*"

St. Catharine's College have kindly offered to surrender themselves bodily to King's College upon condition of perfect incorporation, and that King's should take the name of St. Catharine's. It is uncertain whether the following epigram was composed by the Provost of one College or the Master of the other, but internal evidence would seem to point to the former.

"Cats may look up at Kings,"
The proverb says, but that's
By no means proof that King's
Should not look down on Cat's.

(The end of the Light Green.)

NOBODY KNEW.

We met the first time by the side of the brook
  Where the stepping-stones ripple the stream,
With never a token by word or by look
  Of the love that should reign supreme.
So foolish we were that no warning we took
  From the signs of the blossoming Spring,
For the Future to us was a sealèd book,
  And Love an undreamt of thing.
    And nobody knew
    How soon we two
Should love with a love so tender and true!

We met yet again in the self same spot
  On the day when our love we told,
We drank of the Summer serene and hot,
  And remembered no more the cold;
For sunny and peaceful we deemed our lot
  As the light of that August day,
In the passionate fullness of life we forgot
  That the Summer could vanish away.
    Ah, nobody knew
    But I and you
How swiftly those moments of happiness flew!

We met yet again 'neath Autumnal skies,
When we thought we should meet no more,
And gloomy seemed Life to our sorrowful eyes
As the Summer whose glories were o'er;
The blasts of November made sport of our sighs,
And our weeping was mocked by the rain,
We could not believe that the Spring would arise
And bestow her sweet treasures again.
And nobody knew,
But I and you,
The desolate grief of that last adieu.

And now where we parted in doubt and despair
We meet in the triumph of joy,
With content in which none but ourselves may have share
But which none but ourselves can destroy.
The forget-me-nots blossom again, and the air
Is sweet with the song of the dove,
And our hearts have forgotten the tempest of care
In the sun of fulfilment of love.
And nobody knows
Our bliss, but those
Who live through love's labour to love's repose.

1873.

OUR PARTING.

It will not be where woodbirds are singing
  Their madrigals tender and sweet,
It will not be where chestnuts are flinging
  Their shade o'er a lover's retreat,
It will not be where moonlight's soft splendour
  Lies white upon valleys and towers,
It will not be romantic or tender,
  This parting of ours.

It will not be with talk of past blisses,
  Or plannings of pleasures to be;
There will not be caresses or kisses,
  Or anything outward to see;
Our tears will not trickle in torrents,
  We shall not return sigh for sigh,
It will not be, "God bless you, sweet Florence!"
  But simply, "Good-bye."

We shall part with a smile on our faces,
  Before an inquisitive crowd,
With a hand-shake, for lovers' embraces
  Would naturally not be allowed;
And no one will ever discover,
  As I bid you my courteous adieu,
That I am a desperate lover—
  A lover of you!

The eyes of the keenest observer
  Our secret will fail to detect,
Mrs. Grundy, the social Minerva,
  Will think it extremely correct;
None will notice what you did or I did,
  None will know of our hopes or our fears,
Though the link of our lives be divided,
  It may be for years.

SONG.

MOONBEAMS.

THESE hours, when Night, the Mother, takes
  Her children on her knee,
And wilful Love alone awakes,—
  I consecrate to thee.
For sweet it is to deem that thou,
  Beneath a foreign sky,
Art yet perchance beholding now
  The same bright moon as I.

A messenger of light attends
  From her to hush my sighs,
A happier sister-beam descends
  To die before thine eyes.
Those charms her rays illume, alas,
  Are but for her to see,

Yet doth her brightness, as a glass,
Reflect them back to me.

Between the moon and me has strayed
A cloudlet light as foam,
Too near to cast an envious shade
Upon thy distant home,
So, let the ills of fate enshroud
My life in darkest night,
I would not that the faintest cloud
Should dim thy least delight.

1 a.m., 30th Nov., 1873.

SUSPENSE.

My mind with maddening fears is racked,
Like one who strains a broken oar,
And hears above the tempest's roar
The thunder of the cataract;

The wished-for shores beside him glide,
He nears the shores, the falls he nears,
His hopes still wrestle with his fears,
His arms still strive against the tide;

His thoughts are quickening with his breath,
He thinks a thousand trivial things,
The while the awful balance swings,
Existence equipoised with Death.

So with myself, nor less intense
The dread that dies because too great,
The hope too bright to contemplate,
Both merged in shuddering suspense.

The mad rebellion of the heart,
The numbness of a dull despair,
The sweet resort to secret prayer,
And silent communings apart.

All these by turns succeed, and still
I know not what will be the end;
May God but give me grace to bend
In meekness to His mighty Will.

THE END OF HOPE.

I BUILDED me a castle in a happy summer dream,
An abode of peace and pleasure, far from sorrow, sin or strife;
And I founded it on golden sands beside a silver stream;
The stream, the Stream of Fancy, and the sands, the Sands of Life.

And I said, "So this my mansion shall be glorious above
All the many mighty mansions of the noble of the land,

For its chambers shall be radiant with the living
light of Love,"—
And I knew not, or I cared not, that they
rested on the sand.

Woe is me, my ruined castle! Woe is me, my
vanished dream!
For there rose a mighty tempest on the borders
of the land,
And Death's black torrent thundered over Fancy's
silver stream,
And my castle bowed and crumbled, for 'twas
founded on the sand.

Then the Tempest-Spirit shouted as he rode upon
the gale,
"The sands of Life abandon, golden, glorious
though they be:
Build anew a brighter mansion which will neither
fade nor fail,
Founded on the Rock of Ages, firm to all
Eternity.

SONG: THE WINDS.

THE South Wind sings of happy Springs
And Summers hastening on their way,
The South Wind smells of cowslip bells
And blossom-spangled meads of May;—

But sweeter is her red red mouth
Than all the kisses of the South.

The West Wind breathes of russet heaths
And yellow pride of woods grown old,
The West Wind flies from Autumn skies
And sun clouds overlaid with gold;—
But the golden locks I love the best
Outshine the glories of the West.

The North Wind sweeps from crystal deeps
And Arctic halls of endless night,
The North Wind blows o'er drifted snows
And mountains robed in virgin white;—
But purer far her maiden's soul
Than all the snows that shroud the Pole.

The East Wind shrills o'er desert hills
And dreary coasts of barren sand,
The East Wind moans of sea-blanched bones
And ships that sink in sight of land;—
But the cold cold East may rave and moan,
For her soft warm heart is all my own.

1873.

CHRISTMAS.

Deck the ball room with branch and with berry,
And strike up a jovial strain,
Let us cast off our cares and be merry,
For Christmas is with us again.

But in vain 'mid the throng of the dancers
We look for the belle of the ball,
And we miss in the chain of the Lancers
The hand that pressed closest of all.

Oh 'tis hard that the sea should dissever
The touch of that hand from our own,
Are we destined to cherish for ever
The remembrance of joys that are flown!
Or when next the Yule logs brightly burning
The mists of December dispel,
May we hope that from Rhineland returning
We may welcome our lost Isabel.

ON A PORTRAIT.

I USED to deem this painted face
A libel on thy living grace;
The thought of that brought deeper bliss
Than did the constant sight of this.

But now that in the lonely tomb
Decay has wrecked thy beauty's bloom,
Thy likeness meeting still my view
Seems the less mortal of the two.

A face designed in beauty's frame,
A painter's image of the same,
Each is but as a written scroll
To show the virtues of the soul:

Art's colours if at first less fresh
Outlast the tinctures of the flesh;
This picture's now as dear to me
As aught, except thyself, could be.

1873.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

I CONFESS to a vague recollection
That I promised at Christmas to send
A Card to a distant connection
Who permits me to call her my friend;
Alas, it was only September
When we made our agreement, and yet
It is you who so kindly remember,
And I who so basely forget.

Accept as a small reparation
The trifle I send you to-day;
Within is a representation
Of the beauties of Carlingford Bay;
As the hills of Omeath and Rostrevor
The emigrant's memory haunt,
So my heart's recollection will ever
Entwine and enshrine—MY STEP-AUNT.

1863.

ON A CERTAIN DEAN AND CHAPTER.

THE Dean, a Protestant discreet,
All needless forms despising,
Is sorry when he leaves his seat
To see the people rising;
The practice to his prudent eyes
Suggests the "Scarlet woman,"
He really cannot sympathise,
With innovations Roman.

On vain idolatrous respect
He always puts a bridle,
But has he reason to suspect
Himself to be the idol?
The "graven image" is at least,
We'd have the Dean remember,
The Church of which he is a Priest,
And, let us hope, a member.

But visitors who come to prayer
In our Cathedral splendid,
Though things are better than they were,
Think much remains unmended,
And some there are who might suppose
The congregation apter
To err in other ways than those
Which vex the Dean and Chapter.

Familiarity, they say,
Is oft contempt's begetter,
If service were not twice a day
Behaviour might be better,
But tales are told which ought to make
The ears of hearers tingle,
Whether their line of faith they take
From Peter, Paul, or Zwingle.

One must, since sleep so oft entraps
Poor weary mortal creatures,
Concede, perhaps, Cathedral naps
To jaded priests and preachers.
No doubt the rest of forty winks
Their elocution braces,
But while they sleep, they ought, methinks,
To try to keep their places.

'Tis hard so long on things divine
For some Divines to ponder,
Cathedral beauties all combine
To make the senses wander;
But still perhaps 'tis less a sin
Admiringly to scan them
Than 'tis to smuggle pamphlets in
To while away the Anthem.

Sometimes one feels a fearful doubt
That elderly lay-vicars

Have recently been lunching out
And somewhat mixed their liquors,
Then books fall clattering from the shelves,
While boys who ape their betters
Have little jokes among themselves,
Or run about with letters!

Then see in spotless hoods attired
The young collegiate students,
Who have not all as yet acquired
Complete parsonic prudence,
For some appear to eye the girls
With smiling satisfaction,
As though they found in maiden's curls
Capillary attraction.

* * * * * *

Though England long has cast away
The rags of Rome that wrapt her,
Yet Englishmen may still obey
A Church and not a Chapter.
And though from Superstition's chains
We claim long-standing severance,
Yet let us hope there still remains
A certain love for Reverence.

1873

"DEAR OLD WELLS."

DEAR Kate, the Tribute of your muse
I welcome with delight,
But why demand the latest news?
Alas, there's none to write;
For Truth invention's power repels
And bids my pen proclaim,
That everything at "Dear old Wells"
Is pretty much the same.

The College lectures still commence
And close with earnest prayer,
We feel the Bishop's influence
Exerted everywhere.
Our fellow students, one and all
Are everything that's nice,
And "Church" is still the Principal,
And "Grafton" is the Vice.

The Entries for the year gone by
Amount to just eighteen,
The numbers are about as high
As they have ever been,
And potent still are Study's spells
The sinning to reclaim;
While daily sound Cathedral bells,
The Clock strikes just the same.

Our "Church" exhorts the newly come
To show a little zeal,
And some the system like, and some
Their sentiments conceal.
Some who come up exceeding swells
Anon grow wondrous tame,
So everything at "Dear old Wells"
Is pretty much the same.

I fain would sing in stirring rhymes,
Of mighty actions done.
I fain would tell of lively times,
Of festive goings on,
But Truth such fictions still repels
And bids me to proclaim,
That everything at "Dear old Wells"
Is pretty much the same.

1873.

THE ARCHAEOLOGIST.

(On a circumstance connected with the visit of the Somersetshire Archaeological Society to Wells, August 1873.)

He has left the glare of the crowded room
Where his learnèd brethren meet
And wandered out—to the quiet gloom
That broods o'er the gabled street.

He threads the dark arch and a moment stands
To mark with an artist's eye

The sister towers stretch pinnacled hands
  Far up to the starlit sky.

Then he bends his way with a calm glad smile
  To the lowly western door,
And he gazes awhile down the pillared aisle
  And the shadow-traceried floor.

But it was not to watch St. Andrew's Cross
  Rise white and distinct through the gloom,
It was not to muse on corbel or boss
  That he left that crowded room.

It was not to list to the echoing tones
  Of the watchful quarter-bell,
It was not to ponder on storied stones,
  For he knew them all too well.

As he walked down the nave, he cried "Aha!
  They know not where I have hid";
For he'd gone out on purpose to smoke a cigar,
  And smoke a cigar he did!

August, 1873

THE (HIVE-SHAPED) HONEY-POT.

TO A LADY.

FAIR maid, ere yet the days begin
  When one shall call thee wife,
Accept this gift and read therein
  An emblem of thy life.

I would not have thy fancy roam
On what the proverb tells,
That honey-moon like honey-comb
Is full of little *sells*.

But rather let this hive suggest,
What time shall shortly prove,
That honey-combs, distilled and pressed,
Yield nought so sweet as love.

May bliss await thy wedded state
Secure from care's attacks,
And freer from the blows of fate
Than honey from its *wax*.

And if youth's pleasures, e'en from thee,
Should insect-like take wing,
I trust they never, as the bee,
May leave behind a sting.

But should young Love's enchanted cup
Grow vapid all too soon,
Behold, I send to stir it up
The necessary spoon.

1874.

PSALM CXXVII.

Except the Lord His temple build,
The builder's work is unfulfilled;
Except the Lord the tower maintain
The watchman waketh but in vain.

In vain ye haste to rise, and spare
To rest, and eat the bread of care,
For surely His Belovèd reap
His loving-kindness while they sleep.

Lo, they shall have for their reward
A gift that cometh of the Lord,
Fair children sent at His command,
Like arrows in the giant's hand.

O happy he who hath from hence
His quiver stored with such defence;
They shall not fear the fierce debate
Of foemen midway in the gate.

EASTWARD.

(A Hymn)—1876

As, when the sunbeams brightly burn
To light the close of day,
The evening shadows eastward turn
And lengthening glide away:

So may my soul in life's decline
A brighter dawn foresee,
Turn from the world to hopes divine
And pass in peace to Thee.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE.

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, SANDWICH.

A CERTAIN travelling man, whose way
Through many lands and labours lay,
Must needs one morning pass before
An ancient Church. The western door
Stood open, and his wearied eye
Beheld afar the Altar high,
And so his journey here he stayed
And rested in the pleasant shade,
Not ill content to gaze awhile
On pictured pane and pillared aisle.
  But, as he thought thereon, it seemed
To him as though a dream he dreamed
And heard a voice, "What dost thou see,
While here thou watchest wistfully?"
  To which he answered, "I behold
A building beautiful and old."
  To whom the voice, "Oh eyes so blind,
To seek so long and not to find!
What else?"
  Said he "An open door,
An empty Church, and nothing more."
  The voice replied, "Oh slow of heart
To read the signs of sacred art,
Deep lore these ancient stones can teach
To those who understand their speech.

Attend, while I unfold to thee
This building's hidden mystery,
And how herein thine eyes may trace
The Christian Pilgrimage of Grace.
  The Western Door doth represent
The great Baptismal Sacrament,
Which, giving us a Second Birth,
Admits us to the Church on Earth.
And, as the people day by day
Pass through the place of tombs to pray,
So must the sinner in his search,
For shelter in the Christian Church,
Promise and vow with ready mind
To shun the world, and leave behind
The whited sepulchres of sin,
Ere Christ will let him enter in.
  Within the door our pilgrimage
Begins its first and earthly stage,
Wherein Saint Peter bids us mark
We stand like Noah in his Ark,
Since God by water doth us save,—
So call we this our Ship or Nave.
To comfort us when tempest-tost
Our Lord has sent the Holy Ghost;
The Windows seven that light the place
Denote his sevenfold gifts of grace
The Pillars, six on either hand,
The Holy Apostolic Band,
On whose foundation builded well

The Church defies the gates of Hell.
  Look upward. While we onward move,
God's angels watch us from above,
Yet not with harps or song of mirth,
Since we are militant on earth,
But each presents a golden shield
To show that faith must never yield.
  See, Pilgrim, now before thy face
Three silent witnesses of grace;
The lectern, desk, and pulpit tell
Of reading, praying, hearing well.
To these do thou betimes attend,
Since here thy path in life must end,
And thou must take thy journey where
Perchance God will not hear thy prayer.
  So far the Church on earth is shown
In parables of wood and stone,
And now behold in like device
The Church unseen in Paradise.
For lo! our road must run beneath
Two Arches, first the gate of Death,
And next, the end of toil and strife,
The Gate of Everlasting Life.
The space that lies 'twixt gate and gate
Is Hades, or the middle State,
The Valley of the Shade of Death,
Whence none his soul delivereth,
No window makes the darkness light,
And yet above, beyond our sight,

Arises, crowned with arches seven,
The Tower, to tell that God in Heaven
A Tower of Strength will ever be
Against our last great enemy.
Soon, Pilgrim, from the tower may toll
The bell to tell that thine own soul
Hath passed away at God's command
To that unseen mysterious land.
Then let us pray that thou and each
Departed Christian soul may reach
That Third Eternal Glorious State,
Beyond the Resurrection Gate.
Mark how the Chancel typifies
The Church triumphant in the skies;
For here the Choir their anthems raise
Like Angels singing songs of praise.
Three Eastern Windows here unite
In one to pour their painted light,
An emblem of the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.
And here the Altar stands to prove
A pattern of the things above,
Where, Priest and Victim, Jesus Christ,
The Lamb for sinners sacrificed,
Before His Father ever pleads
The wounds that cancel our misdeeds,
Five wounds—whose number here is shown
By crosses on the altar stone.
Now, Pilgrim, ere thou hence depart,

Lay this last lesson to thine heart.
Let not these holy mysteries seem
Nought but the figures of a dream,
Let not this House of God appear
Only a sign of things not here,
A shadow, as the temple was,
Of what should one day come to pass;
Remember those who truly pray
Are truly on their heavenly way,
And those who here receive the Word
Are truly joined to Christ the Lord,
The Lord who ne'er is found so near
As when we seek His presence here,
Since those who at His table feed,
There meet Him truly and indeed.

1877.

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